McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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YOUNG MAN ACCUSED OF A SERIOUS CRIME

Samuel Schoolmaster Was Arrested last Saturday.

HELD UNDER $1000.00 BONDS

He is Alleged to Have Assaulted an Eight-Year-Old Girl—Charges Preferred by District Attorney Mayo—Hearing Last Saturday Night Before Justice Gleason.

Last Saturday afternoon Samuel Schoolmaster, a young man aged about 19 years and employed in the Smethport Window Glass factory was arrested by Detective Jones on the charge of criminally assaulting a little girl aged about 8 years.

The crime is alleged to have been committed on the previous Saturday, but very little was said about it owing to the sensitiveness of the mother of the girl. But when the shocking details reached the ears of District Attorney Mayo and Detective Jones they immediately made an investigation and upon learning the facts as they were rumored on the street, Detective Jones started out to arrest his man. He found him on Main street after a brief search and took him before Justice Gleason where his hearing was set for seven o'clock that evening, and the young man was placed in jail to await the hearing.

The hearing in the evening was heard behind locked doors at the request of the parents of the child. Her story of the shocking affair was of a convincing nature and the testimony of others leading up to the time of the assault and what transpired afterwards was such that Justice Gleason held the young man for his appearances at court, and as the crime of which he is charged is not bailable by a justice of the peace, he was remanded to jail.

However steps were immediately taken to get the case before Judge Bouton and late that evening the Judge allowed him his freedom on a bail bond of $1000 which was immediately furnished.

NEW OFFICERS INSTALLED.

At a meeting of the Odd Fellows last Friday night the following officers were installed by C. W. Sharpe, District Deputy Grand Master:

Noble Grand—Earl Gallup.
Vice Grand—W. R. Burch.
Secretary—W. G. Holder.
Recording Secretary—R. C. Gleason.
Treasurer—F. A. Gallup.
Warden—Alex Cunningham.
Conductor—Rex Stark.
Chaplain—R. E. Burdick.
Right Supporter Noble Grand—B. S. Bayle.
Left Supporter Noble Grand—L. E. Dizel.
Right Supporter Vice Grand—F. H. Biever.
Left Supporter Vice Grand—J. J. Summersgill.
Right Scene Supporter—H. S. Rubin
Left Scene Supporter—J. L. Cunningham.
Inside Guardian—J. C. Wirt.
Outside Guardian—B. P. Oviatt.
Past Grand—Sheridan Gorton.

After the installation of officers and general business was disposed of, a delightful luncheon was served to which all members did ample justice.

WHO SHOULD HAVE LIQUOR.

Judge Patton, of Armstrong, Construes Brooks Law.

A Kittanning Pa., dispatch says: Judge W. D. Patton of Armstrong county was the first judge in Pennsylvania to state specifically to whom liquor may not be sold in accordance with the Brooks law. In an opinion handed down in License court he defines those who should be refused liquor as follows:

"First—The man not of strong mind, who is made foolish or silly by drink and is frequently seen publicly on the street in that condition.

"Second—The good workman or mechanic who attends to his business and supports his family well for a few weeks, and then goes off on a periodical debauch.

"Third—The man who has become a steady drinker; whose eyes and face and clothes denote that he is on the downward path, and the community notes that he is neglecting his business and his family for drink."

What Pennsylvania needs is more Judge Pattons.

COL. GILLETT, JR.'S MINSTRELS.

A Successful Affair By Home Talent Tuesday Evening.

Col. Gillett's Buckeye Minstrels acquired world wide fame in the past and it must have been a great pleasure for this venerable favorite of the footlights to witness the performance given by the juniors under the name of Col. Gillett, Jr.'s Minstrels. This company was composed of 42 children ranging from 8 to 14 years of age and was originated, organized and trained by Mrs. Leon K. Hogarth.

This performance was given by the third division of the Travellers' Club which consisted of the following ladies: Mrs. Mollie Pierce, chairman, Mrs. F. W. Brownell, Mrs. D. M. Brasted, Mrs. M. L. Bisett, Mrs. E. T. Dayl, Mrs. Frank Gallup, Mrs. L. K. Hogarth, Mrs. W. H. Morrison and Mrs. Ed. Studholme, assisted by Mrs. H. C. Wells, and they deserve much credit for the manner in which the entertainment was conducted.

The first part consisted of Co. Gillet Jr.'s Minstrels with Robert Brownell as Col. Julep, and the end men were Paul Connolly, Russell Hungerford, Russell Bayle, Neil Holder, Howard Workley and Merle Dickenson. Interspersing the local hits by the minstrels were several clever songs and dances, consisting of the Turkey Song in costumes, Yucatuna Boys and Girls in costumes, Miss Dorothy Hogarth, the dancing red-bird, was unusually clever, and Francis Quirk, the young female impersonator, made a hit. Little Gladys Nourse, aged 8 years, brought forth hearty encores as the Speaking Doll, and for her encores she rendered the following in a clear voice that carried beautifully through the entire Lyceum:

Ike Gleason is a cheerful Frog,
Of course he cannot sing.
But he can marry couples
Without book or wedding ring.

Have you seen Col. Gillett this morning?
Have you seen his expansive smile?
Again extends from ear to ear
There is joy from his boots to his tile;
The few hairs he has remaining
You can see them fairly curl
It is all because the stork
Brought a darling baby girl.

The second part was "A Restaurant Comedy," the scene being laid at Atlantic City on the beach, in which about forty people took part, and consisted of many clever local hits and witticisms. The musical numbers in this part was a college song by Lawrence Morrison, Bernard Garlick, Kenneth Mayo, Edwin Bouton, Donald Hogarth and Allen Morrison. Songs by the Bathing Girls consisting of Hazel Green, Marion Gallup, Leona Hogarth, Adelia Malcolm, Betty Corry, Carrie Natello, Inza Sherburne and Ruth Hungerford. A duet was beautifully rendered by Mrs. Elida Powell and Mrs. V. B. Bouton, and the Italian song and dance by Miss Leona Hogarth and J. L. Morrison was one of the hits of the evening.

DR. MADDEN DIED AT BRADFORD.

Had For Some Time Practiced His Profession at Mt. Alton.

Yesterday's Bradford Era says: Dr. Harry L. Madden of Mt. Alton, died at the Bradford hospital last evening at 8:30 o'clock after a long illness of a complication of ailments. He had been a patient at the hospital since January 3.

The remains were taken in charge by Undertaker Koch and to-day will be shipped to Three Springs, Pa., where the funeral services will be held and the burial made.

Dr. Madden was born at Dublin Mills, Pa., 29 years ago. He attended the local schools and subsequently graduated from a Philadelphia medical college. About two years ago he located at Lewis Run but did not long remain there. He purchased the business and practice of Dr. Fraker of Mt. Alton, and his services were in demand quite generally in that section.

Deceased was a member of the Odd Fellows lodge of Mt. Aton and the Masons of Mt. Jewett.

Dr. Madden is survived by his parents, five brothers and two sisters.

Notice.

Alcono Contentrated Flavors, Gelatines and Food Colors introduced here recently by Grace E. Smith, will be on sale at F. W. Brownell's in future. Toilet articles may be obtained at H. C. Wells' drug store for the accomodation of customers.

It GRACE E. SMITH.

COURT DOINGS.

Several Prisoners Plead Guilty and are Sentenced—Civil Court Cases.

Civil court convened here on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Hon. J. W. Bouton presiding. Previous to the taking up of the regular cases on the court calendar, a number of prisoners pleaded guilty and were given sentences as follows:

Joe Scutella of Bradford, charged with assault with intent to kill, sentenced to pay a fine of $10, the costs and serve not less than 18 months nor over seven years in the Western penitentiary. Scutella attacked a foreigner on the railroad track near Newton, demanded money and not getting it, murderously slashed him.

William Goff, who was arrested by Detective Jones last week, pleaded guilty to selling liquor without a license and on Sunda at the big woods last summer. Fined $500, and costs, and six months in jail.

Frank W. Connors, alias Ruth, the man who came to Kane two weeks ago and claimed he was a city detective of Lima, Ohio, and then went to Ludlow and got $25 from the father of the lost Steffan boy, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to not less than nine months or more than three years in the penitentiary, and at the time of his arrest was out on an eight-year parole, and it is now likely that he will have to serve eleven years in the penitentiary.

Frank Jerati, carrying concealed weapons, to pay a fine of $50, the costs and to stand committed to jail until settlement is made.

William Stranahan pleaded guilty to vagrancy and begging on the streets, was ordered to pay costs and serve 30 days in jail dating from March 13. His term has already expired.

A. D. Bundy pleaded guilty to being a vagrant and begging and was sentenced to serve 30 days in jail to date from today.

The first and only case tried up to the time of going to press is that of Rice J. Fowler vs. Frank Sullivan Smith, receiver of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad company. The railroad took a right of way through Mr. Fowler's farm in Eldred township and the report of the viewers as to the amount of damages was not satisfactory and the suit was brought to adjust the same. Shortly before noon yesterday the jury brought in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $1724.61.

The case of J. J. Moody vs. Mrs. Eugene Mullin has been settled.

The case of John Beatty vs. the Du Pont Powder Company, to recover damages for injuries he received from an explosion which occurred about two years ago when a well was shot in Bradford city and several boys were injured was brought up for trial yesterday morning. After the evidence for the plaintiff was finished, counsel for defendant made a motion for a compulsory non suit, which was granted by the court.

THE GAS EXPLODED.

Two Men Injured in Pumping Plant of Bradford Gas Company.

In an explosion of natural gas at the pumping plant of the Bradford Gas company located near Roulette, Pa., about noon Sunday, two men were severely burned and otherwise injured and the plant wrecked.

The injured are John Nemberger and R. R. Goodwin, both of Card Creek, Pa. They were taken to Port Allegany where they received surgical attention. Mr. Nemberger was the most seriously burned and both are expected to recover.

The damage to the plant was extensive, the roof being lifted up bodily and the windows being stripped of all glass. Fortunately the foundation of the building and the expensive machinery, escaped damage.

It appears that there was an accumulation of natural gas in the building, but there is a mystery about how it became ignited causing the exposion. The two men were the only ones at work at the time. Their escape from death was by a small margin.

William Ditto is superintendent at the plant. He was absent at the time. A young son, however, had gone to the pumping plant and had just reached the door from the outside when the explosion occurred. The lad was knocked down but uninjured.—Bradford Era.

For Sale or Rent.

A farm of 60 acres for sale or rent, situated at the head of Bloomster Hollow. Fine orchard. House, with cellar, and out buildings on it. For information call at this office or to

GEORGE A. SCHLEIFF,
Apr.13-tf Straight, Pa.

YOUNG MAN DEMENTED.

Oman Warner Became Violent and Was Taken to Warren Hospital.

Oman, the 20-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Warner, of this borough became violently demented early Friday morning, and that afternoon he was taken to the State Hospital for the Insane at North Warren.

Young Warner and his parents are members of the religious sect called the Gospel Workers, more commonly known as the Holy Rollers, and for some time past has been acting in a rather strange manner. A few weeks ago he entered the home of a crippled man and attempted to invoke the powers of God to restore him to health, but his method of healing was so strenuous that other members of the family ejected him without further ceremony, and nothing had been of further religious dementa until last Friday morning when his parents appealed to the local officers to take him in charge.

Constable Foote responded to the call and took the unfortunate young man to the lockup where he was temporarily locked up. Constable Foote had some little difficulty getting him to this place of safe keeping but managed him very well considering his condition.

For several hours after he was placed in a cell he continued to rave, uttering unintelligible words the while, but he occasionally spoke a word that could be understood and these and the motions he was going through it was deducted that he was "driving out the devil," a very familiar term among this sect.

In the afternoon he quieted down to a certain extent and after the usual examination Detective Jones and Commissioner Devlin left with him on the four o'clock train for Warren. He was very peaceable on the trip but when they reached Warren and he heard the music of the Salvation Army it was hard to detain him.

His family have the sympathy of the community and all hope that his mind may be quickly restored to its normal condition.

ITALIAN ATTACKED WOMAN.

When Refused Used Knife—With Two Others he Threatened to Blow up House with Dynamite.

Mrs. Victoria Michelerz, an Italian woman living at No. 20 North street, Bradford, appeared Sunday evening before Alderman Williams and made an information charging Joe Gicardi with assault with intent to kill and Moses Reniere and Angelo Carseneto with threatening her life. The action of the woman resulted from an outrageous attack that was made in an effort to extort money.

According to the story of Mrs. Michelerz, the man Gicardi, who boarded with her, made a demand for $10 to send to his wife in Italy. The woman positively refused to give Gicardi the money and he then threatened to blow up the house with dynamite. The woman would not alter her first decision and Gicardi drew a knife and attacked her. He made a wicked lunge with the knife and Mrs. Michelerz received the blade in her right hand. She had repeatedly screamed for help and Gicardi becoming frightened, ran from the house and disappeared in the darkness.

He returned in a few moments, however, accompanied by Reniere and Carseneto. Gicardi again made his demand for money and the other men added their threats to his. At this moment, a daughter of Mrs. Michelerz entered the house and the trio of Black Handers departed. In a few moments a shower of rocks landed against the dwelling and four revolver shots were fired. The bullets were imbedded in the walls of the building and did no injury to the inmates.

The police department succeeded Monday morning in locating Reniere and Carseneto in a Fifth ward house and landed them in the lockup. Gicardi, the man who used the knife, has not yet been apprehended.

Reniere and Consento had a hearing Tuesday evening before Alderman Williams and were discharged. Joe Gicardi has not yet been found.

Special Sale at Daly & Garlick's

Friday, April 21st. 1 50c mixing bowl and spoon for 25c. 1t

$5.00 per day easily made selling our famous Home Butter Mergers. It makes two pounds of butter out of one. Send for descriptive circular.

1t-pd F. L. MULLIN,
11 Sheehy Bldg., Bradford, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

I. O. O. F. NOTES.

A Few Additional Facts Concerning April 26.

To date twenty-four organizations and ten bands have signified their intentions of being present, most of them with large delegations. A number of orders will be represented from adjoining counties and a few from New York state.

Kerley and Dagus Mines have requested that three cars on the special train be reserved for their delegations.

Present indications place the number of Odd Fellows that will attend the convention at 2000.

The committee on entertainment is arranging with Ridgway for a baseball game to be played in the afternoon. Ridgway has not yet organized a team but one composed of the following players will play here on the 26th: Dixon, Ross, Belford, Burhans, Cavanor, S. and R. Ryberg, Berguson, Knapp, Rentz, Parks, Williams and Robison.

J. R. Fuhrman, the official decorator, has been getting contracts for decorations during the past week and he reports that practically all business places will be decorated. He will begin his work April 20th.

The formation and line of march will be as follows: Form on South St. Marys Mill, Market and Railroad streets. Line of march: South St. Marys street to Center, to Church, to Maurus, to North Michael, to Washington, to Diamond, to Erie Ave., to Michael, to Brussells as far as John street, countermarch on Brussells street to Michael, then to Diamond and disperse.

The official program will be a neat and artistic book of forty-eight pages and will not only be a schedule of the day's events, but will be a souvenir worth keeping.—St. Marys Gazette.

GOING FISHING.

Uncle George Burdick came over from Kane yesterday (Thursday) and when the Herald man met him he was to be informed that he was on his way to the old farm over on the headwaters of Potato creek. A direct question brought the smiling reply, "Yes, I am scheduled to arrive there against the first day of the trout season, which I propose going after a few of the best to be had."

Now, there will be a whole lot of other fellows on Potato, and on other creeks with their rods and lines and reels, and great big baskets on the opening day of the season; but there will be no other man on any creek wearing as pleasant a smile as Uncle George Burdick, nor will there be any other with 91 years behind them, and every one to the good.

God has been good to Uncle George Burdick, not in the bestowing of worldly wealth of the kind which concerns the most of us; but in presenting him with a disposition which enables him to love everybody, and everybody to love him. He will get a good basket of trout, be it big or little, just because everything which comes to Uncle George is rated good by him, and big enough.

May he continue to whip the waters of Potato creek on the opening day of each season for many years to come.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

GALLUP-TARR NUPTIALS.

Mrs. Olive L. Tarr of Hazelhurst, Pa., and Mr. A. Lincoln Gallup, who resides in Keating township, about a mile south of this borough, were united in marriage at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gallup, on King street, this borough, Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, Rev. Hopkins of Hazelhurst, Pa., officiating. The ceremony was witnessed by a few of the near relatives. They departed Monday on an extended wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Gallup are both well known to a large number of friends, who will unite with The Miner in the wish that their married life may be a long and happy one.

Mr. Bergman of Bradford, or his representative; will be at the Wright House on Saturday and he requests that all persons who have any furniture they want repaired or upholstered to leave word at the Wright House and he will call on them.

H. W. BERGMAN,
Apr.20-1t Furniture Store,
64 Main Street, Bradford, Pa.

For Sale or Rent.

New eight-roomed house with good barn and two acres of land. Fifteen minutes walk from Court House. Address LOCK BOX 428,
Apr.20-tf Smethport, Pa.

Ice cream and soda at Brasted's.

THE GOOD ROADS BILL.

Some Provisions of the Law That Are Not Generally Understood.

We find that there are some in this vicinity who do not understand the provisions of the Sproul Good Roads bill which passed the Senate last week and will probably pass the House and be signed by Governor Tener this week.

In the first place the purpose of this law is to establish a network of good roads all over the State, connecting up each county seat and all the cities and larger towns with one another. The bill provides for about 5000 miles of road at an estimated original cost of $50,000,000. These roads are to be known as State highways and are to be built and forever afterwards maintained by the State, thus relieving the various boroughs, townships and cities of the expense of keeping and maintaining said roads.

The bill provides for the bonding of the State for $50,000,000 to pay for these roads, which will have to be voted on by the people before the bonds can be issued. It also names the officers that shall have charge of making and maintaining these roads, together with the salaries they shall receive and the power vested in them.

As soon as this bill becomes a law work will be started in various parts of the State. Surveys will be made, and roads changed where grades may be improved and the general condition of the road bettered. To meet this expense a suitable appropriation will be made by the State. And it is the intention to build these roads as fast as the work can be done properly.

We understand that some people in this section are of the opinion that at least part of the expense of building these roads comes out of the townships and boroughs and that after they are built the cost of maintaining them will come from local taxation. Such, however, is not the case. These roads are to be built entirely by the State and paid for entirely from State monies, and these roads will be kept in repair by the State at the expense of the State. Therefore instead of being a burden on the taxpayers of the districts through which they run they will be a vast help in a financial way. It will remove the cost of keeping just so much road in repair and give all the people living along these roads or adjacent to them good roads the year round.

TO PREVENT RADISHES FROM BECOMING WORMY.

One of the most serious and increasing pests in the State of Pennsylvania is the Root Maggot attacking radishes, turnips, cabbage and cauliflower. This larva or so-called worm is the young of a fly closely resembling the house fly. Many inquiries concerning it are received by Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg.

In reply to a recent letter from a prominent Berks county officer, saying "Please let me know by return mail whether there is anything that will prevent early sown radishes from getting wormy?"

Professor Surface wrote as follows:

"The best plan is to sprinkle turpentine and kerosene on sand, enough to give it a strong odor, and stir it up well in a bucket. Then sprinkle a little of this close to the roots of the radish plants, and on each side of them, shortly after the leaves commence to develop. It will be enough to drive away the flies which lay the eggs from which he maggots or worms hatch.

"If there is much rain after the application, it should be repeated again. The same treatment will keep the worms away from turnips, which for this purpose would be better planted in rows instead of broadcast. This will also facilitate cultivating them, which will give good returns in size and yield."

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending April 15th, 1911:

Burkholder, Mr. Allen B.
Caven, Mrs. John (2)
Glumer, Henry
Ranscher, Mr. A. W.
Tucker, Mr. H.
Martinuk, Leon (foreign)
Marten, Leon (foreign).

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

I deal in everything connected with the Bicycle Business also repairing done at STRONG'S PLUMBING SHOP. Apr.13-4t

A Pastoral Love Affair

Combination of the Natural and the Artificial.

By ARTHUR BEMERTON

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Bessie and I fell in love naturally—in fact, too naturally. I have often thought how [illegible] for the animals and birds [illegible] without having to look [illegible] other's record. A tiger may [illegible] kill a man, but eat him and [illegible] a most respectable tigress without any questions being asked. Two birds may meet on the branch of a tree and without the slightest knowledge of each other become mates. But man and woman must not only know all about each other, but be of the same grade and each have a clean record, or there comes a lot of trouble.

And the most singular thing about it all is that either of them will murder any animal, except their own kind, and eat the carcass.

I, being an artist, when the buds were beginning to open went into the country to catch that first delicate shade of pale green which appears on the trees at that season. I was sitting on my tripod in a wood working in the colors when I heard the bark of a dog, and a moment later a little terrier stood growling at me. A girl, budding like the trees, not into leaves, but into womanhood, hurried up, calling in a soft voice:

"Frisk! Come away, Frisk! What do you mean?"

I paid no attention to the dog, and there was no need for the girl to call him off, for he had no idea of attacking me, but he gave me an excuse for addressing the girl.

And yet I question if any excuse was required. People who meet in crowds are constrained by conventionalities. We two, meeting in a wood, with not a sound about us—when the dog had ceased barking—except an occasional twitter of birds engaged in nest building, felt constrained in another way. We were impelled to be companionable. I began by telling her not to mind the dog, that he wouldn't disturb me, and she sidled around where she could catch a glimpse of my sketch. One thing led to another until we felt quite well acquainted. I had chosen a delightful spot to transfer to canvas. It was on a declivity. An opening in the trees below revealed a patch of landscape, while at my feet gurgled a stream, at this season well supplied with water from snows recently melted at higher altitudes. The air was balmy and laden with perfumes.

One has but to mention this outline picture to indicate the result. Given an opening spring in a wood, buds, wild flowers, twittering birds, a vista, a brook, a dog and lastly a young man and a young woman, both in the [illegible] freshness of youth—what follows? Why, wonder why the [illegible] young man's and the young woman's fancy turns to thoughts of love.

The result of this meeting was on other specific and unobtrusive lines. I didn't count them; I was too preoccupied to do so. I painted so long on my picture that before I finished it the delicate shade I had caught in the country [illegible] had grown into a dark green and the full grown leaves had blotted out the vista which gave the work more than half its beauty. But while this beauty was disappearing the bud of love was opening.

So much for the natural features of this story. Now come the artificial—viz, a girl's confession to her father that she had met her fate, but had not met with any knowledge of that fate's antecedents; then a command from the father, tears from the girl and a triangular condition between the father, the girl and the artist such as has taken place ever since the first primeval girl planned to give her father the slip and climb a tree with the first primeval youth, the tree being too high for the old gentleman to follow. Bessie's father was really as reasonable as we considered him unreasonable. He merely wished to know who I was. Since I had lived in South America from the time I was two until twenty-two years of age I must send there for my credentials, involving a delay of a month or more. What cruelty to force a pair of lovers to wait all that time in a state of suspense!

"Sweetheart," I said to her one day, "suppose the reply should come that I am an escaped defaulter, jailbird, murderer."

"I would not believe the story."

"But your father would," I added sententiously.

One day, after having painted alone in the wood, on leaving it I saw something half covered with shriveled branches and dead leaves. I examined it and found the dead body of a man. Horrified lest I might be implicated in a murder, I threw back what I had removed and was about to hurry away when I saw two men coming for me. Within five minutes I was on my way to the nearest police station.

My antecedents were now not so much needed to enable me to possess my love as to preserve my neck. The status had changed a second time. The case was not now one of a father, a girl and an unknown man, but a father, a girl and an unknown man accused of murder. I sent at once a note to Bessie, informing her of my trouble, encouraging her to keep up a good heart and assuring her of my innocence. Receiving no reply, I concluded that her father would not permit her to send a reply.

Brooding in my cell, I could not but revert to the good old primeval times I have cited before when a suitor might kill as many of his fellow beings as he pleased without being objected to on that score for a son-in-law. I had killed no one. I was merely suspected of killing a man. And if Bessie's father did not kill men he killed the next grade of animal below men—or other men did the work for him, which is just as criminal—and devoured the flesh. It seemed to me that the only logical beings are the beasts and the birds. They kill and eat each other without inquiring whether or no they are neither the same species while one is well, [illegible] What [illegible]

[illegible] low [illegible] own kind he considers [illegible] crimes unless he kills them in battle, where the more men he kills the bigger man he is, which is exactly what made the chiefs among his savage ancestors.

I was so impressed with this reasoning that I asked my jailer for writing materials and wrote it down, or, rather, elaborated the bare skeleton I had thought out. When it was finished I asked to have it delivered to Bessie's father.

In due time a reply came as follows:

I have always desired my daughter to marry a man distinguished for something. Artists and poets are usually distinguished for their ideality. You being one of the kind, share that distinction. You may further lay claim to being the most impracticable numskull that, to my knowledge, the world has yet produced. You have interested me in yourself and your case. I have retained the best criminal lawyer I can find to take charge of your case, and if your innocence is proved I shall deem my daughter honored in wedding such an eminent fool.

This reply stung me to the quick. I regarded it as tantamount to a refusal of his daughter's hand even if my innocence were proved. As to the lawyer, he spoke of hiring for me. I wrote him immediately that I had engaged the most eminent counsel in the land and would have no need of the one he had retained.

What was my surprise, when I was folding and addressing this second letter, to receive a visit from Bessie.

She threw herself into my arms hysterically. I couldn't tell whether it was joy or grief that moved her. When she became calmer I spoke of her father's communication.

"Father has turned right 'round," she said. "He's your friend forever."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. He considers you innocent of this crime with which you are charged. He says that no man who could have written that letter could have committed murder and if he did he would convince the judge that there was no case against him, since there is no logical difference between killing a man and a steer."

"I am glad," I said, embracing her, "that in thousands of years one couple may in some respects return to the natural methods of our progenitors. Are you quite sure your father is sincere in his change of mind toward me?"

"I am. If he were not he would not have permitted me to come here to visit you. He says you are the first man he ever met who did not talk and act artificially. He's simply delighted with you."

I showed her the note I had written declining her father's offer of counsel. She burst out laughing. I asked what amused her.

"You haven't any money to pay counsel," she said.

"Upon my word! I never thought of that."

"You are ideal and impractical," she said. "That's the reason I love you." And she embraced me.

Our colloquy was broken in upon by the sheriff, who came in to say that the real murderer had been arrested and had confessed. I was free to go. At the same time he handed me a letter postmarked Rio Janeiro.

"Ah," I exclaimed, "my credentials!"

Slipping the letter in my pocket, I accompanied Bessie to her father's house. He greeted me warmly, and I handed him the credentials I had received at the jail. Removing the envelope, he began to read, his eyes opening wider as he read.

"Are you a fool or a knave?" he asked, looking up at me.

"Both," I replied.

"What is it?" asked Bessie.

"Why, daughter, this pastoral business of yours has resulted in your catching the only son and heir of the biggest coffee planter in Brazil. I knew when I received his note that he was an original, but I didn't know he was rich. You tell me," addressing me, "that you are both fool and knave. Will you kindly inform me of the introspective reasoning by which you have arrived at this result?"

"Well," I replied, "no one but a fool who has the career before him that I have would spend his time sitting on a three legged stool in a wood daubing, and no one but a knave would make love to a girl without her father even knowing that he is doing it."

It was decided that Bessie and I should be married in June, and I concluded for my prospective father-in-law's sake—who must have a noted man for his daughter, even if a fool—to return to Brazil. I told Bessie's father that I should like to be married in the wood on a carpet of June roses, whereupon he said that he had had enough of that nonsense and didn't wish any more of it.

So we were married in a very matter of fact fashion at the bride's home of course, and sailed a few days later for my country.

I am now one of the most prominent citizens of Brazil and consequently much out of my element.

"Did you get the raise in salary you demanded?"

"Not exactly. But in recognition of my valued services the boss agreed to supply me with a roll top desk and have my name printed on the door."—Detroit Free Press.

To share the stage with football mild
A friend of other days has come.
'Tis seen more and frequently—
The sturdy, swell chrysanthemum.
—Buffalo Express.

The broken down cabby regarded with a gleam of delight the taxi which had broken down. But he spoke not a word. The chauffeur began operating on his machine. He turned it and twisted it and banged it and screwed it, but to no avail. And still the cabby spoke [illegible]

"The [illegible] of brain. The [illegible] things of [illegible] spoke that wouldn't ignite and cranks that refused to be anything but cranky. And still the cabby, sour of visage, lay low and said nuffin'.

Then the chauffeur wiped his beady brow, and then the cabby, still with the gleam in his eye, crossed over.

"'Ere!" he exclaimed grimly, holding out his whip. "'Ere y'are, mister! 'It 'im with this!"—Answers.

Grasshoppers.

The grasshopper isn't a chicken, although it lays eggs, but it has a gizzard as a chicken has, except that the grasshopper's gizzard has sharp, horny teeth.

Atlantic Ocean.

The Atlantic ocean takes its name from Mount Atlas.

An Odd Inscription.

At Wymondham, Norfolk, England, is this inscription at an old country house engraved on an oak board and all in one line: "Nec nisbi gils servus, nec hospes hirudo." Translated from the Latin, in which it appears in antique Roman capital letters, it may be rendered "No dormouse as a servant for me, neither a horse leech for a guest."

Phil May's Habits.

The all night and next day habits of Phil May, the artist, have furnished material for many a story. Joe Tapley, the singer, said that he came across May one night and heard that the latter had not been to bed for four nights and days. He remonstrated and May said: "Never mind, Joe; we'll make a bargain. Don't you lose any sleep on my account, and I'll promise that as soon as I feel tired I'll go to bed!"

To Win Notice.

Mrs. Greene—One does not like to be ignored. I wore a brand new gown at the reception last night, and I don't believe a soul noticed me. Mrs. Gray—There's where you made a mistake. Now, I wore my old black silk that has been turned twice, and everybody saw me fast enough.

Crooked and Straight.

In all things throughout the world the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked and the men who look for the straight will see the straight.—John Ruskin.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for any one else.

The Twenty Payment Life policy deposits payable for twenty years only, insurance payable at death. We also issue ten, fifteen, twenty five and thirty payment life policies.

Age 21—$20.84 per thousand.
Age 35—$38 34 per thousand.
Age 50—$56.17 per thousand.

Ask for rates and guaranteed values.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society
"Strongest in the world"

C. A. BURDICK, Agt.
SMETHPORT PENN'A

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County on the 25th day of April, A. D. 1911, or as soon thereafter as the same may be heard, by L. K. Hogarth, C. H. Hutchinson, T. D. Cunningham, C. H. Cole and W. H. Halpenny under the provisions of the Corporation Act of 1874, and its supplements, for a charter for an intended corporation to be called THE OLDS ROD & GUN CLUB, the character and object of which is the preservation of game and fish; the enforcement of the fish and game laws of this Commonwealth; the leasing of waters and lands for fishing and hunting purposes and the stocking of the same with fish and game, and for those purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and the supplements thereto. The proposed charter is now on file in the Prothonotary's office.

Apr.6-3t THOS. H. MORRISON, Solicitor.

AUDITORS' REPORT OF KEATING TOWNSHIP

A. G. FARLEY, Collector, in account with Road Funds of Keating Township for the year 1910:

Dr.		
To balance of uncollected road duplicate of 1909	$ 1190 40	$1190 40
Cr.		
By exonerations allowed on 1909 duplicate	$ 233 57	
By paid over to M. S. Comes, treas., Sept. 1, 1910	358 81	
By paid over to M. S. Comes, treas., March 16, 1911	300 00	
By due from Farley, collector, to balance 1909 duplicate	298 02	$1190 40
Dr.		
To amount of road bond duplicate for year 1910	$ 2089 22	$2089 22
Cr.		
By paid over to M. S. Comes, treas., 1910 duplicate	$ 1199 95	
By 5 per cent. rebate allowed taxpayers on $1998 99	99 95	
By 2 per cent. commission on $1199 95	24 00	
By paid over to Comes, treasurer	150 00	
By 5 per cent. commission of $150 00	7 97	
By due from Farley, collector, to balance 1910 Bond duplicate	434 65	$2089 22
Dr.		
To amount of road (with per capita) duplicate, 1910	$ 3179 28	$3179 28
Cr.		
By paid over to M. S. Comes, treasurer	$ 1749 94	
By 5 per cent. rebate allowed taxpayers on $1842	92 10	
By 2 per cent. commission on $1749 94	34 99	
By paid over to M. S. Comes, treasurer	274 73	
By 5 per cent. commission on $274 73	13 73	
By due from Farley, collector, to balance 1910 Road duplicate	1053 79	$3179 28

M. S. COMES, treasurer and secretary of Keating Township, in account with the Road Funds of said Township for year 1910:

Dr.		
To deposit in Grange Bank, last report	$ 1337 65	
To received of Farley, collector, 1908 duplicate	303 47	
To received of Farley, collector, 1909 duplicate	358 81	
To received of Farley, collector, 1909 duplicate	300 00	
To received of Farley, collector, 1910 duplicate	1749 94	
To received of Farley, collector, 1910 duplicate	274 73	
To received of C. N. Curtis for plank (furnished County)	13 00	
To received of County Treasurer Isherwood	738 63	
To received of Collector Farley, error in deposit	1 00	
To received of Collector Farley, Bond fund, used for road	1129 50	$6180 13
Cr.		
By orders paid Liberty and Lewis	$ 2500 89	
By orders paid sundry persons while fire wagons	10 54	
By orders paid John Scanlon, road master	310 00	
By orders paid C. H. Curtis, road master	154 49	
By orders paid Frank Ripley, road master	102 00	
By orders paid E. B. McKeon, road master	56 25	
By orders paid A. Peterson, road master (Pest)	20 00	
By orders paid N. L. Hyde, road master	11 00	
By orders paid for freight and express	662 72	
By orders paid for warrants and stationery	51 00	
By orders paid superintendents	332 25	
By orders paid printers	23 50	
By orders paid state [illegible]	6 00	
By orders paid attorney's fees	112 15	
By orders paid road signs	140 00	
By orders paid debt and interest	136 80	
By orders paid auditors' fees	36 00	
By orders paid bridge work	495 00	
By orders paid Penn Bridge Co., bridges	650 00	
By orders paid hardware	98 84	
By orders paid machinery	7 50	
By orders paid right-of-way	22 00	$6180 13

Road Bond Fund.

Dr.		
To amount received of Farley, collector, 1910 duplicate	$ 1358 45	
To amount received of County Treasurer	419 70	$1779 15
Cr.		
By amount paid interest on bonds	$ 200 00	
By amount paid road fund out of bond issue	1579 15	$1779 15

[illegible] KEATING TOWNSHIP

Credit [illegible]	$ 98 [illegible]	
By [illegible]	[illegible]	
Bank	1700 00	$5700 98

RESOURCES.

In hands of A. G. Farley, collector, to balance 1909 duplicate	$ 278 02	
In hands of A. G. Farley, collector, to balance 1910 Bond	651 65	
In hands of A. G. Farley, collector, to balance 1910 road	1013 79	
In Grange Bank	458 29	
Liabilities in excess of resources	3115 29	$5700 00

We, the undersigned auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts of A. G. Farley, Collector, with respect to the several duplicates of the road funds of said Keating township, and M. S. Comes, treasurer (and secretary) in account with the several road funds of said township, do find and report as above stated.

S. D. CRAWFORD,
ALLAN OVIATT,
WILLIAM TANNER,
Auditors.

March 28, 1911.

Automobiles

I have secured the agency for Studebaker-Garford cars for Mk and McKean [illegible]

J. W. WITTMAN, Jr.,
Agent.
ST. MARYS, PA.

Horses for Sale.

One pair of six-year olds, well-matched, good workers and good drivers, weighs 2800.

One gold horse, 8 years old, good single or double. Phone 118 L or address

ALBERT E. HACKETT,
Mch.2-tf. Smethport, Pa.

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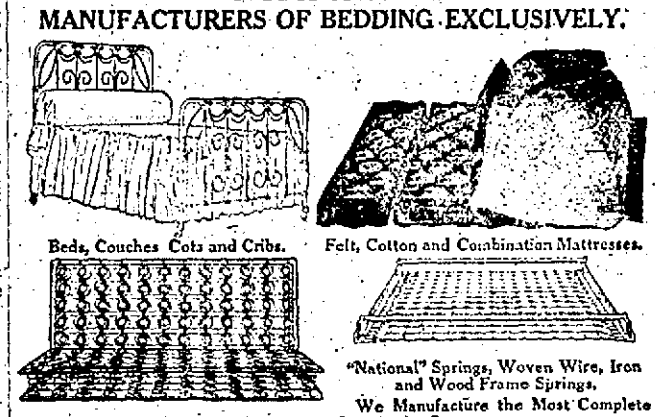
PITTSBURG, PA.

MANUFACTURERS OF BEDDING EXCLUSIVELY.



Beds, Couches Cots and Cribs. Felt, Cotton and Combination Mattresses.

Coil Springs in all Styles. "National" Springs, Woven Wire, Iron and Wood Frame Springs.

We Manufacture the Most Complete Line in the Country.

BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY. Enclose this "Ad." or Mention Paper when Answering.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE.

IN THE WAY

of Spring styles in shoes for all sizes of feet, we have everything that is handsome in shape and quality. For man, woman or child, we have an elegant array of Spring footwear that will suit the most fastidious at

ANDERSON & CARLSON'S,
The Shoe Men,
Smethport, Penna

A SUBJECT OF INTEREST

at the wedding reception is the providing of choice wines for the guests at luncheon or dinner. When you wish to find rarest vintages in burgundies, clarets or champaignes, you will be delighted with what you find at

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,
Smethport, Pennsylvania.

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes! We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

Officials.

Governor—John K. Tener.
Asst Treasurer—John G. Sheb.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Benton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles M. Patton, Curwensville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—H. W. Hilliard, Smethport; E. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. B. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—H. F. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Fuller, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Berlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adair, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. E. Anders, Clermont; A. M. Coey, Duke Center.
County Surveyor—A. B. Stebbins, Kane.
County School Superintendent—C. E. Ogden.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—E. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. S. Heath, President; F. M. Bleyer, Secretary; J. W. Watts, M. W. Workley, G. H. Deming, F. L. Sheburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. B. Yosts.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Medfield, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. B. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Hubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, H. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. B. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 382, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. J. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. [illegible] meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSHILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGovern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:15 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 7 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 5 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Boyle, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts.
Clams. Cigars.

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Farm For Sale 7,000 Profit-Paying Farms in 14 States. Strout's New Monthly Bulletin of Real Bargains, profusely illustrated, mailed free; we pay your R. R. fare. E. A. STROUT CO., Book C 1, World's Largest Farm Dealer [illegible] Land Title Bldg., Phila.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's Cut Flowers and Potted Plants At Brasted's

We also have a nice line of Groceries.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 20, 1911.

Local and General.

—Civil court this week.

—The country roads are said to be getting quite good.

—Mortimer Bell is suffering with an attack of whooping cough.

—Street Commissioner Cramsie has been doing a good job in cleaning the pavement.

—The fishing season opened Saturday, April 15th. As yet we have not heard of any wonderful catches.

—Forrest Nourse is compelled to walk with the aid of crutches on account of a broken bone in his foot.

—The Port Allegany Argus has installed a new Improved American Typograph machine during the past week.

—The report that the peach crop has been ruined is denied. This is an unheard of report, but we hope it is true just for once.

—Mark Pomeroy of Port Allegany was in town Sunday. He was driving a new Rambler and made his first trip of the season over the hill in an automobile.

—Mrs. Agnes McCarthy, who has been making her home with her daughter, Mrs. S. E. McClafferty, at Hazelhurst, this winter and who has been seriously ill, is improving slowly.

—Burglars made a good haul of clothing, fishing tackle, revolvers, shoes and razors from the Buffalo Hardware Company at Austin on Tuesday night of last week. Local talent is supposed to have done the job.

—Charles Woodover, a veteran of the Civil war, died at his home last week Tuesday, aged sixty-five years. The funeral was held from his late home Saturday, Rev. Miller of Turtle Point officiated, and interment was made at Annin Creek cemetery.

—Mrs. Betty Champlain and Mrs. Myria E. Rice of Coryville wish to thank the people of that vicinity for the great help given them in their efforts to help the family of Thomas Foster which was burned out of a home at Turtle Point last Wednesday afternoon.

—We have been reliably informed that the borough council will put in a suitable fire alarm in the near future. Smethport has been in need of a good fire alarm for the past three or four years, and this will be welcome news to properly owners who do not carry much insurance. There should be no delay in this good resolution.

—The Bon Air Vaudeville company will give performances at the Bradford Theatre on Friday and Saturday evenings. This company will give an excellent entertainment well worth going to Bradford to see and besides the proceeds are to be used for the benefit of the Bon Air Sanatorium for tuberculosis patients which makes the cause more than an ordinarily worthy one.

—Senator Baldwin's bill to make railroads liable for fire loss has passed the Senate, and the House has passed the bill to pension Pennsylvania soldiers and marines who served in the Civil war—$5 a month pension for all who served for one or less; $6 a month for all who served two years, and $7 a month for all who served more than two years.—Roulette Recorder.

—Three negro "joy riders" were instantly killed and five were injured at Johnstown early Tuesday morning when a sixty horsepower automobile while running fifty miles an hour, overturned at a sharp curve. The wrecked car is the property of Harry Swank a hardware merchant. At the time of the accident William Stuart, one of the injured and chauffeur of the car was taking some friends home from a dance given by negroes. The dead are: Mrs. Floyd Washington, John Mahoney and Eldridge Lewis.

—Charles W. Goodyear, whose efforts secured for Grover Cleveland the nomination for governor, died at Buffalo Sunday afternoon after an illness of several months. He was prominent throughout the state as a lawyer and promoter of various big enterprises. Mr. Goodyear was born in Cortland, N. Y., in 1846. He went to Buffalo when a young man and practiced law until 1887, when he became active in politics. He was a Democrat and served several terms as district attorney of Erie county.

—It is wonderful how quickly the people of McKean county have accepted the Bon Air sanatorium as a necessity. Usually with institutions of this kind started for no other purpose than benefitting the people, it takes a much longer time to gain the complete confidence of all. To-day everybody in the county speaks of the Bon Air as "our sanatorium." This is a healthy condition and it is largely due to this condition that the sanatorium has made such wonderful strides. During the Christmas stamp campaign this fact was thoroughly demonstrated by the number of working people and others who bought the Red Cross stamps.—Kane Republican.

—Lottie Dugan, aged 21 years, of Corry, employed in that city as a domestic, committed suicide Sunday morning at 10 o'clock by swallowing carbolic acid. The young woman had been ill for a long time and had been a patient in the Millburn private hospital. It is believed that this was the cause of her rash act. However a mystery has developed and an investigation is being made by the authorities. An autopsy has been held and some of the organs of her body sent to a chemist for analysis. An inquest was started and postponed until Thursday afternoon. Only three witnesses were sworn, but more are expected at the final inquest.

—Samuel Morgan, gate tender at the West Main street crossing of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad at Massolin, Ohio, put one over on an itinerant corn doctor the other day. Calling at Morgan's shanty, the doctor discoursed on the wonders of his corn salve. Morgan owned up that his feet were on the "friz," but dolefully declared no cure was possible. "My dear sir, you are just the kind of person I make a convert of every time," returned the visitor, enthusiastically, following this up with a profuse flow of language. Morgan listened mournfully. Finally he leaned over, turned some thumb-screws, removed his feet and handed them to the doctor with: "well go ahead and see what you can do." Morgan lost his feet in a railroad accident 20 years ago.

—Olean Herald: Mrs. George Bailey and her mother-in-law from Port Allegany were in Olean Tuesday morning looking for the former's runaway husband, but it is understood failed her purpose, for although it is said he had been in this city, it is alleged had flown to parts unknown. Bailey is seems, became infatuated with the charms of another woman and left his happy home for her. He and the young woman came to Olean on Saturday and registered at two hotels while spending a day and night in the city. At both hotels the couple registered as George Bailey and wife of Emporium; Bailey using his right name but changing the place of his residence. His woman companion is said to have just been discharged from a hospital where she was operated upon for appendicitis.

—The wind was blowing briskly on Wednesday and a lady who had just taken a seat in an outgoing stage for Duke Center and points in that direction, had an experience. She had just purchased a picture hat for Easter and the gale of the merry springtime grabbed the parcel and wafted it through space. The wind soon tired of the plaything it had captured and dropped it to the pavement. Then, along came an automobile. And one of the wheels of the big machine ran over the package. A public spirited newspaper man witnessed the catastrophe and hurried in the direction of the crushed millinery. He picked up the package and gallantly returned it to the lady in the stage. The woman bore her misfortune bravely and quietly thanked the man. Then she opened the package. The lovely Easter hat was a sight to behold. But the woman did not make any demonstration. She at once proceeded to change the collapsed headgear into some semblance of its former form. In doing so a number of new kinks appeared in the "creation" and when certain manipulations were completed the hat was as good as ever and of the ready-to-wear order. And the fact was made known then and there that the automobile, instead of destroying the hat had only made it more susceptible to fantastic effects in the shaping of it. The hat was again wrapped up and the stage pulled out on its journey to the highlands.—Bradford Era.

Beware of Impulse.

Our impulses often get us into trouble. No one knows why the eternal plan fitted us out with impulses, always "agin the law." However, wear a bridle and "mind you keep your rifle an' yourself fun' so."

THE FLY ON THE PANE.

It Will Crawl to the Top, but Will Fly Back to the Bottom.

A fly on a window pane will crawl to the top, fly back to the bottom and crawl up again. This order is seldom reversed—why no one knows. It is on record that a fly crawled up a window pane thirty-two times, returning each time a-wing.

Hens scratch for food with the sun behind them, the reason being that the rays reflect on the minute particles. A blind hen will pick grain and not miss a kernel.

Cats seldom lie with their feet to the fire. Usually they lie on the left side. Dogs lie with their fore paws to the fire.

A mouse will ignore a food supply sufficient for a meal and run great risks to nibble at a wholesale supply. It will hide at the source of food supply and not depart therefrom until actually disturbed. It isn't true that a mouse runs to its hole at the first alarm.

Find a harmless little snake the length of a lead pencil and provide a box for it in the house, visit it daily and at the end of three months it will crawl to you for food.

Goldfish usually swim around a globe to the right. They can be taught to take a fly out of the hand in six weeks' time. The presence of other fish in the globe is generally ignored by goldfish. Drop a piece of chip on the surface of the water and it will frighten a fish.

Sheep spend more time grazing than do cattle and horses. Sheep will eat for twelve hours out of twenty-four.—New York World.

A Lament.

Each season brings its share of woe,
And grief is never gone.
It's just as hard to shovel snow
As 'twas to mow the lawn.
—Washington Star.

At His Worst.

The Doctor—Isn't bowling rather an expensive pastime?

The Professor—I think so. I have read of an English statesman, if my memory serves me rightly, who was spoken of as Bowlingbroke.—Chicago Tribune.

At Feeding Time.

"You call your sow Estelle, I hear?" The young man asked as it was fed.
"Ah, yes"—and then she dropped a tear—
"That is her pen name, sir," she said.
—Yonkers Statesman.

The Sequence.

"It was very romantic," says the friend. "He proposed to her in the automobile."

"Yes?" we murmur encouragingly.

"And she accepted him in the hospital."—Life.

Uncommercial Liszt.

Artistic folk frequently have somewhat vague notions about business. Some of them are quite ignorant of it, others utterly indifferent to it and others yet hate the very name of it. One in the last named category was Liszt. He had returned from a successful tour, and Princess Metternich, the wife of the celebrated statesman and diplomatist, was questioning him regarding the concerts he had been giving abroad.

"I hear," she said, "that you did good business in Paris."

To which Liszt gave the tart reply, "I only played some music there. Business—that I leave to bankers and diplomatists."

To another lady the musical cleric gave a still more sarcastic answer. "Ah, Abbe," she sighed, "what a great fortune you would make if only you could be induced to go to America to play!"

"Madame," returned Liszt, "if you stood in need of that fortune, believe me, I would go at once."

Old Time Theater Rowdies.

Rowdyism in London theaters was a common occurrence in the old days, as is shown by the following from the London Post of Oct. 27, 1708:

"Two men in the pit at Drury Lane theater last night were so turbulent and riotous during the last act of 'Henry V.' that the performance was interrupted upward of a quarter of an hour. The audience at last asserted their power and turned them disgracefully out of the theater. This should always be done to crush the race of disgusting puppies that are a constant nuisance at the playhouse every night."

Greatness and Smartness.

"Which would you rather be—truly great or really smart?"

"Smart, of course."

"Why?"

"Well, you may be truly great and no one ever know it, but if you're smart you can make people think that you're great."—Chicago Post.

High Finance.

Briggs—Is it true that you have broken off your engagement to that girl who lives in the suburbs? Griggs—Yes; they raised the commutation rates on me, and I have transferred to a town girl.—Life.

Raised the Ante.

Small Elmer—Papa, give me a nickel. Papa—Why, Elmer, you are most too old to be begging for a nickel. Small Elmer—I guess you're right, papa. Make it a dime.—Chicago News.

Some people seem to think it is useless to do right unless a crowd happens to be present.—Chicago Record-Herald.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Don't forget the date of this Manufacturers' Sale Piece Dress Goods begins Tuesday Morning, April 18th, concludes Saturday evening Apr. 22nd.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPT. STORE

A Manufacturers' Sale

OF HIGH GRADE DRESS GOODS, BEGINNING TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 18th, and ending Saturday at 10 o'clock.

EXPRESS CHARGES PAID on all purchases amounting to Five Dollars or More

Owing to a general depression in the Wool Dress Goods Market, the Manufacturers are unloading their surplus production of Fancy Suitings, Serges, Covert Cloths, Nun's Veiling, Etc., Etc., at Reductions Averaging from 25 to 35 Per Cent.

The lot assigned to us by our New York representative amounts to over 5000 yards and is made up of lines and styles that are strictly up-to-the-minute.—We predict one of the most phenomenal Sales in the history of this Big Store.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Owing to some lots where yardage is limited, buyers will find it greatly to their advantage to be present at the opening of this Sale.

LOT 1—14 pieces Black and White Check Suitings. Our selling price 39c. per yard, MANUFACTURER'S SALE PRICE, 42½c.

LOT 2—6 pieces of Black and White Check dress Goods. Value 85c. to $1.00 per yard MANUFACTURERS' SALE PRICE 72½c.

LOT 3—Twenty pieces of Wm. F. Read's Peter Thompson Serges, in blues, blacks, browns, reds, greens, etc. Our selling price, $1.00 per yd. MANUFACTURERS' SALE PRICE, 79c.

LOT 4—Eight pieces Serge Suitings, fancy stripes, Our selling price, $1.00 per yard MANUFACTURERS' SALE PRICE 72½c

LOT 5—12 pieces of fancy Suitings in mixtures and stripes. Our selling price, $1.25 and $1.50 per yard. MANUFACTURERS' SALE PRICE 98c

LOT 6—Fifty-four inch Covert Cloths, very desirable for coats. Value, $1.25 per yard. MANUFACTURERS' SALE PRICE 79c

LOT 7—Twenty-five pieces 38 inch All-wool Nuns Veiling. All colors. Value 59c. per yard. MANUFACTURERS' SALE PRICE 42½c

LOT 8—About 50 pieces of the famous "Botany" Wool Dress Goods; assortment of plain and fancies and a beautiful range of colors. The Manufacturers' Sale prices will be 33⅓ to 35 per cent. under our price.

IN CONJUNCTION WITH OUR ALL-WOOL DRESS GOODS SALE WE OFFER THE FOLLOWING STYLES OF PRETTY WASH MATERIALS AT SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTIONS. THESE PRICES ARE IN FORCE FROM TUESDAY MORNING APRIL 18th, to SATURDAY NIGHT, APRIL 22nd.

Special Sale at the Wash Goods Counter.

LOT 1—50 pieces of Clarabel Batiste. Our selling price 12½c per yard. MANUFACTURERS' SALE PRICE 9½c.

LOT 2—40 pieces of Dimity Lawns, Batistes, etc., in plains, fancies and bordered effects. Our prices, 15c. and 18c. yard. MANUFACTURERS' SALE PRICE, choice of the lot 12½c.

LOT 3—"Polarized" Wash fabrics; the kind that don't fade. Everybody knows these goods. We are their exclusive agents. 25 pieces plain "Shaunting," the best and newest colors. Our price, 35 cents per yard MANUFACTURERS' SALE PRICE 21c.

18 pieces of fancy Polarized Voiles; 40 inches wide Value 50c. per yard MANUFACTURERS' SALE PRICE 39c

30 pieces of plain colored Polarized Pongees. All colors. Our regular price, 25c per yard 18c

Beautiful Dress Trimmings to match all colors will be shown during our Manufacturers' Sale of Dress Goods.

BELL BROS.

The LEADING DRY GOODS, CARPET and FURNITUNE HOUSE in Southwestern New York

We will gladly **Send Samples** upon request of a postal card giving address.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, April 20, 1911.

The coroner's jury, which has been investigating the Asche building fire, returned a verdict on Monday afternoon after a seven-hour session, holding Isaac Harris and Max Blanck, proprietors of the Triangle Waist company, New York, in whose factory the fire occurred, responsible for the death of Mary Herman, the young operator whose death the jury elected to investigate.

With President Diaz and his cabinet and the Madero revolutionary officials in close touch and endeavoring to reach an understanding regarding the terms of an armistice, to be followed by a general agreement for ending the civil war the Mexican situation is again clearing. Negotiations to end the war are now in the hands of the Foreign Minister, DeLabarra and Dr. Vasquez, Gomez, head of the Mexican revolutionary junta at Washington. DeLabarra is confident he can arrange an armistice to go into effect soon, and that the peace terms will probably include the resignation of Diaz within six months, naming DeLabarra provisional president, and a general revision of the election laws.

Oat Smut and Potato Scab.

Numerous questions continue to reach State Zoologist Surface at Harrisburg, concerning the method of preventing loss by the two diseases known as Smut attacking oats and wheat, and Scab attacking potatoes. As the same treatment for two is the same, Professor Surface takes this opportunity to discuss these subjects in one article for the benefit of readers.

He sas that these diseases are caused by minute germs, which will remain all winter in the soil, or in straw, or in seeds, or potatoes. The grower should understand that he can treat the seed oats, or seed wheat, or planting potatoes with a solution that will destroy the germs, but if he should plant these crops in soil that is already infected by having produced diseased crops during the previous year, the treatment before planting will not do much good, as the crops will be diseased from the germs which remained in the soil. Therefore, it is necessary to plant in soil which was not infected by previously diseased crops of the same kind grown upon it.

Also, as the smut germs of wheat and oats remain in the straw and in manure made by use of straw, if it is not thoroughly composted or decomposed, there is liability of carrying the disease germs of wheat and oats smut to clean fields, by spreading the manure from such straw where the crops are to be grown the following season.

With proper precautions in planting grain or treating seed or potatoes, in ground that is not already infected, or being careful that the germs are not carried by the methods described above, the grower may be reasonably sure of producing crops that are free from the disease. Some remarkable and emphatic records of this have been made in this state during recent years. Correspondents have written to Doctor Surface stating that these methods have resulted in good grain crops for them, while their neighbors, who have not treated their seed, have found their crops suffering very considerable loss.

The treatment is as follows:

Soak the seed or potatoes that are to be planted in a solution containing one-half pint of formalin or formaldehyde liquid in fifteen gallons of water, for about forty minutes. Then dry quickly, or before heating occurs, and especially avoid letting the seeds or potatoes stand long in closed vessels or tight bags while wet.

A good method of treating oats or wheat is to pile or spread it on a clean barn floor, and sprinkle the dilute formalin solution over it, stirring it with a rake or shovel to insure the wetting of all the grains. Then spread them, and let the wind blow through the barn to dry it, stirring occasionally to promote drying. As soon as it is dry enough to be used in the drill without sticking together, it will do to plant, or if it can be dried quickly before the grains start to germinate, it can be held for later planting.

A good way to treat the potatoes is to put them into bags and dip these into barrels of the dilute solution, letting them stand the required time, then empty them on a clean barn floor, and let them dry. Cut them either before or after soaking, and plant them at an time afterward.

The Potato Scab makes pits or holes in the potatoes, which often are mistaken for worm holes, looking very much as though they had been bitten into by grub worms. It should be remembered that the germs of these diseases have been known to remain in the soil for five or six years. How much longer they will continue to infect the same soil is not known.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Corwin of Mt. Jewett spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Corwin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hafner.

S. E. McClafferty of Hazelhurst was in town Saturday.

Warley Gifford had business in Bradford yesterday.

T. F. Mullin of Bradford was a court attendant this week.

Miss Irma Wells is visiting friends in Bradford this week.

J. B. Dennis of Eldred was a Smethport visitor this week.

J. E. Mullin of Kane was in town this week on business.

R. B. Stone of Bradford had business in town this week.

Miss Cora Abbey is the guest of Miss Susie Gallup of Kane.

Miss Irma Wells was a Bradford visitor the first of the week.

Judge Ormerod of Potter county is a court attendant this week.

Guy B. Mayo left last evening on a business visit to Harrisburg.

W. E. Wilson of Cyclone, Pa., was a court attendant this week.

John P. Melvin of Bradford was in town this week on business.

Miss Sarah Greer passed Sunday with friends in Ridgway, Pa.

Jerome Neipling was renewing acquaintances in town this week.

Miss Theresa Sullivan of Kane was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

John B. Oviatt of Norwich was a business visitor in town on Monday.

Mrs. Gilford Baker and daughter, Leafy, were Olean visitors Saturday.

Mrs. J. Clayton Backus and son "Ted," were Bradford visitors Friday.

J. C. Stull of Portville, N. Y., was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Mrs. L. Steinhauer of Farmers Valley was a Smethport visitor Saturday.

Rev. and Mrs. Hopkins of Hazelhurst were Smethport visitors Sunday.

A. J. Martin of Jamestown, N. Y., was a business caller in town this week.

Mrs. Guy H. McCoy and Mrs. Scott F. Redfield left today for a visit to Buffalo.

W. I. Lewis and son, Robert, of New York were business visitors in town Monday.

Mr. John Clark leaves today for a two weeks' visit to Cambridge Springs.

George McCarty of St. Marys was calling on friends in town a few days this week.

Ralph E. Burdick is in Oil City attending the meeting of the Bankers' Association.

Foster Smithbower of Olean was a Smethport visitor a few days the first of the week.

Peter Kelly of Shinglehouse was the guest of friends in town the first of the week.

Charles Farnham and John Valine of Bradford are attendants at court this week.

William Hunsperford and daughters, Ruth and Katherine, were Bradford visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Comes and daughter, Miss Edna, were Bradford visitors last week.

Miss Beatrice Gifford was the guest of Port Allegany friends from Saturday until Monday.

Miss Ruth Holmes is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Holmes, at the Wright House.

Miss Anna Nelson was the guest of relatives in Port Allegany from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. Mary Husted of Port Allegany is spending a few weeks with friends and relatives in town.

County Commissioner John P. Dyon spent Sunday at the home of his parents in Duke, Pa.

J. W. Lee returned home from Philadelphia this morning where he had been for medical treatment.

Mrs. John Miller is the guest of her mother and sister, Mrs. Mary Hussey and Mrs. V. B. Barton.

Guy Comes spent Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Comes, returning to Olean Monday.

Donovan Bell left last Thursday for Nowata, Oklahoma, where he will join his father, Samuel E. Bell.

James McGowan is spending his vacation at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McGowan.

Guy B. Mayo has returned home from an extended business visit at Philadelphia and Shamokin, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kelly and children passed Sunday at Shinglehouse, the guest of relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young returned last week from an extended visit to Cuba and other points of interest.

Miss Margaret Curtis returned Monday from Ithaca, N. Y., where she had been the guest of friends for the past few days.

Mrs. Mary L. Titus who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Titus, returned to her home in Bradford Tuesday.

Harold Curtis of Bernard College, New York City was the guest of his sister, Miss Margaret Curtis, a few days last week.

The Misses Julia and Ruth Miller of Bradford spent Easter with their mother, Mrs. Eva Miller, returning Monday.

W. F. Specht attended the meeting of the McKean County Underwriters which was held in Bradford last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son, John, of Erie, Pa., were the guests of relatives in this place the first of the week.

Miss Eva Hopper returned to her home in Hornell, N. Y., Monday after a short visit at the home of her brother, Webb B. Hopper.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hyatt returned home Monday from Bradford where they had been the guests of friends for the past few days.

Mrs. Andrew Hanley and son, Francis, who were guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Frances Knapp, returned to their home in Olean, to-day.

Mrs. Dave Parsons returned Saturday from a visit at Olean where she has been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Kratts.

Dr. E. R. Baker and sons, Henry and Charles, returned to their home in Erie, Pa., after a few days' visit at the home of Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy.

Mrs. Sarah Blake who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus, left Thursday for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. H. Bowen, at Bradford.

Miss Ethel Tull who is a student at Bryant and Stratton's business college of Buffalo, N. Y., passed Sunday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Tull.

As the Saying Goes.

If we believe naught that we hear
And only half we see
We might as well be deaf, I fear,
And blind, too, seems to me.
—Boston Herald.

Domestic Amenities.

Father—I think the baby looks like you.

Mother—Yes; it shuts its eyes to an awful lot.—New York Sun.

Modern Pastimes.

Poker is a game of chance.
In bridge the risk's not small.
But get rich quick is the sporty trick,
Where there is no chance at all.
—Washington Star.

His Alibi.

Rastus had been caught red-handed.

"Poaching again, Rastus?" said the colonel gravely. "I am afraid, Rastus, that you're a bad egg."

"Yassuh, dass what I is fo' sho', cunnel," said the old man. "I's jess a plain bad aig, cunnel."

"So you admit it, do you?" demanded the colonel.

"Yassuh, I admits it, cunnel, becuz ye know, cunnel, dem bad aigs nebbah poaches, suh," said the old man.

Whereupon the colonel let him off with no other punishment than a tolerably swift impact between the toe of his own boot and the tails of Uncle Rastus' frock coat.—Harper's Weekly.

A Query.

I wonder if
Those kings and queens
Have ever tasted
Pork and beans.
If they have not
It seems to me
They pay a price
For royalty.

And then I wonder,
Too, if they
Get pumpkin pie.
If not, I say
Their jobs do not
Look good to me.
A king or queen
I would not be.
—Detroit Free Press.

Staggered, but Not Floored.

"Thomas," said the head of the establishment, "you are more than an hour late this morning."

"Yes, sir," answered the office boy. "I had to clean 'bout a foot o' snow off'n the sidewalks 'fore I left home."

"A foot of snow, Thomas? The snow isn't more than two inches deep at the outside."

"I know it ain't more'n that here, Mr. Spotcash, but in the part o' town whar' I live the climate's differ'nt."—Chicago Tribune.

Amiable Arthur.

"When good King Arthure ruled this land
He was a goodlie thing"—
For days because he never heard
Our next door neighbor sing.
—F. P. A.

Another explanation of
The king's popularity
He didn't have to drop his work
To look up Galleries.
—B. L. T.

And it is for this reason we'll suggest
We never possessed his smile
He didn't have to go to bow
And scurry up the coal
—Yonker

MEN ONLY

REGAL OXFORDS
All leathers
Black and Tan
Button and Lace
All sizes and widths

$3.50 & $4.00

Look them over

H. W. RUBIN
SMETHPORT - - PENNA.

We most heartily request your early inspection of our now complete showing of
SPRING AND SUMMER WOOLENS
From the best Mills at Home and Abroad, any portion of your esteemed order will be most highly appreciated

BAKER & GELDER
Men's and Boys' Clothing and Outfitters
Successors to WM. HORNER & CO.
Olean House Block, Olean, N. Y.

SPRING 1911
Queen Quality SHOE
We've just received our new "Queen Quality" styles for Spring and they're beauties. We did not believe such footwear possible at the price. The makers have outdone themselves. Smart, snappy styles with plenty of comfort and service—just what you have been looking for. You'll buy here eventually. Why not to-day?
ANDERSON & CARLSON
"THE SHOE MEN"
Smethport, Pa.

HIGH POWER GASOLINE
Gasoline is to an auto as the heart is to a runner—it must be just right. Inferior gasoline is the real cause of more auto trouble than any other one thing.
Waverly Gasolines
76° — Special — Motor
Power Without Carbon
Made especially for autos. Instantaneous, powerful, clean explosion. Quick ignition—never fails. Your dealer has them.
Waverly Oil Works Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
Independent Refiners
Makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil

PHONE 7 **BROWNELL'S** PHONE 7
COAST Cities so appreciate sea foods because they are served under natures own conditions fresh from the water, sweet, firm, delicate and with that indescribable "Oceany" flavor clinging to every fleck.
OUR BRANDS
religiously duplicate those shore conditions and send to the inland home the sweetest flesh of Codfish, Lobster, Shrimp, Salmon, and other fish exquisitely prepared.
F. W. BROWNELL
You get Better Values Here

IT WAS FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS—— OUR SALVAGE SALE.

If we were to tell you the number of people we waited upon, or the amount of goods we disposed of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, you might say we were boasting. But we had fifty sales people in wait on the trade and then had to close our doors to keep the people out, so we could straighten up our stock. This speaks for itself. Every customer was so well pleased with their purchases that they told some one else. So instead of our business falling off after the first day, it kept increasing from day to day until it was impossible to take care of every one who desired to take advantage of our wonderful bargains. We are now better equipped to handle our customers, and we will be able to wait on you in the proper manner. We have put on sale a great many suits, overcoats and raincoats that are damaged. Some with the linings burned, others that were wet, etc. These goods can be easily repaired so they will be just as good as new, and they will be sold at such low prices that we feel we are almost giving them away. People that work will find these goods just what they want for working clothes. Our store will be open evenings, to accomodate those that can't come during the day. I remain, very respectfully,

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House
52 54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

TIRES GOING UP.
Prices on Tires, Tubes and Repairing will Advance Early in April.
NOW IS THE TIME TO HAVE YOUR TIRES Recovered, Retreaded or Repaired.
SMETHPORT INNER TUBES Are guaranteed to give satisfaction. SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more Mileage from OLD CASINGS.
A Full Line of Sundries in Stock
—Write us for Prices—
SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.
Smethport, Penn'a.

YOUR SPRING ATTIRE

is ready for you——Suits, Millinery and Coats.

Our display comprises the newest without the extreme. Every garment has been chosen with the idea of giving you the best; style, quality, material and workmanship.

We ask you to inspect our millinery department for your Spring headwear. Styles that are up to the minute and sure to please you.

Waists

The faultless "Waldorf" line of waists and dresses are here for your approval.

Shoes that please

The "Clarice" in styles and leathers to please all. Get them now and be prepared. Every pair well give you satisfaction.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

"MEN WHO KNOW"

USE THE

DE LAVAL

Cream Separator

Does it not mean a great deal to YOU, the prospective buyer of a Cream Separator, that such men as

Andrew Carnegie, the great steel magnate
F. D. Bourne, Pres't Singer Sewing Machine Co.
J. O. Armour, head of Armour & Co.
Henry Williams, Pres't Sherwin-Williams Paint Co.
John Arbuckle, the Great Coffee Merchant
J. C. Hoagland, Pres't Royal Baking Powder Co.
C. L. Tiffany, the great New York Jewelers
C. W. Seamans, Pres't Remington Typewriter Co.
Geo. J. Gould, the great railway magnate
Hon. Wm. J. Gaynor, Mayor of New York

and many others like them, good dairy farmers as well as great leaders in every sphere of human endeavor, each of whom is possessed of much personal experience and a thousand authoritative sources of separator information, are among the 1,250,000 satisfied users of DE LAVAL Cream Separators?

DALY & GARLICK

Hardware and Plumbing

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 20, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The typhoid epedemic at Erie is over.

—Floor coverings are advertised by Fry & Comes this week.

—F. H. Hungiville has a change of advertisement in this issue.

—H. H. Redfield expects his new Sterns automobile here this week.

—Born, to Col. and Mrs. Melville Gillett on Friday, April 14, 1911, a girl.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Smith, on Wednesday, April 12, 1911, a boy.

—H. W. Robinson sells about Regal shoes for you. Call in his store this week.

—Mrs. Scott F. Redfield entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street last evening.

—The Misses Mate Connally and Belva Ford will be the hostesses at the "Nook" this Thursday evening.

—John Forrest has purchased a new Pierce Little Six automobile and delivery will be made in a short time.

—The Bradford Sunday Herald has moved into its new home on Kennedy street and is to have a new mechanical equipment.

—Chadwick's orchestra will furnish music for the following dances: Farmers Valley this (Thursday) evening, Friday at Mt. Alton and Saturday night at the Lyceum.

—On the third page will be found a large advertisement of Bell Brothers, Olean, which should interest our lady readers. There is no better place to trade when in Olean.

—Ross K. Knapp has accepted a position in the Democrat office in this place. For the past two years he has been located in Rochester and his many friends welcome him back to his old home.

—About thirty friends of Miss Alice Irons gave her a surprise party at her home on East Main street last Thursday evening, in honor of her birthday. Refreshments were served and an enjoyable time was had by all until a late hour.

—Two hoboes who were sent over from Bradford to serve jail sentence under the vagrancy act were released yesterday. However, they started begging again before they left town and were in the toils for a period of 20 days.

—The El Sieva Rho society gave one of their very pleasant dancing parties at the Lyceum Monday evening. About sixty-five couples were present and enjoyed themselves until a late hour. Chadwick's orchestra furnished the excellent music for the occasion.

—The Ladies Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church will hold a cooked food and apron sale in the Aid rooms, in the parochial residence of Rev. Dugan, Saturday afternoon, April 22. The aprons, we are informed, are something new, being equipped with a Backus Novelty Co. Spring Hand.

—While the Keystone National Powder Co. is about finishing the last contract with the Government for dynamite for the Panama canal another one was entered into for five million pounds more. That helps to keep the big plants going.—Emporium Independent.

—George W. Stallsmith, a well known veteran of Coleville, and 78 years of age, was in the city yesterday for a visit with friends and acquaintances. Notwithstanding his advanced years, Mr. Stallsmith walked all the way to Bradford, making the distance in two hours and thirty minutes. And that was not all, he walked home again last evening.—Wednesday's Era.

—Rev. Henry Preston Whitehead of the African M. E. church, has been arrested at Jamestown on the charge of criminally assaulting Annabel Young, the 21-year-old daughter of Daniel J. Young, in the Young home at 1033 North Main street, at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon. Mr. Young is the well-known colored man who owns an ice house at Celeron. Rev. Whitehead says he is not guilty but is the victim of a conspiracy.

—A. H. Kidder has been awarded the contract for the erection of the large automobile garage for the Backus Novelty Company. The building is to be 42x50 feet and one story high. The side walls are to be of tile and the floor of cement. The roof is to be of steel and the building will be practically fire proof. Work will be started as soon as the weather permits and rushed to completion as soon as possible. It will be located east of the Backus Novelty Co.'s new factory.

At the Methodist Episcopal church on next Sunday the morning subject will be "Christian Fellowship." Evening theme "The Right Fear of God."

—Rev. Dunbar of Obi, N. Y., and his son-in-law, Guy McCoy, of this place went to the headwaters of Potato creek on a fishing trip Monday. Last evening Guy returned home with sixty fine trout, the catch for the two for Monday afternoon and Tuesday and Guy's catch yesterday. Rev. Dunbar will stay a day or two longer. This is a pretty big catch for this section but it should not excite the ordinary fisherman because this pair can cover more ground and catch more fish than any two men in this section of the country.

Smethport Lodge I. O. O. F. and the I. O. O. F. band leave at 9 o'clock next Wednesday morning for St. Marys to attend the eighth annual meeting of the Elk-McKean Anniversary Association. All Odd Fellows and their friends are urged to attend.

—The California cars that have been here since Monday left this morning for Eldred where they will exhibit for the balance of the week. The exhibit drew large crowds here and are well worth seeing. The North Bay counties is there with the goods when it comes to raising bumper crops.

Tuesday afternoon a well known female character made a call on one of her friends and during said call the "soul mate" of one or both of these ladies came under discussion. One accused the other of trifling and a lively mill followed in which the visiting lady got the worst of the mixup. With tear-stained and battered face she made her way to the office of Justice Gleason and swore out a warrant for the arrest of her hostess. The hearing was had in the evening and after listening to the melee of evidence the Judge advised them to drop the case and it is said that the guest instead of the hostess, paid the bill.

—Clarence Parker, who has been employed in L. P. McCray & Co.'s drug store for the past two years, has taken a position in Franklinville at a good increase in salary. Mr. Parker is very efficient and ambitious and while we congratulate him on securing something better than Clymer has to give we are loth to let him go as it is fully realized that it will be difficult to find anyone who can fill the vacancy in as competent a manner as he has done, says a Clymer correspondent to the Jamestown Journal. Mr. Parker is quite well known in this place and his many friends congratulate him on his success.

—A New York dispatch dated April 18, says: The whole Dam family came to town today. There were thirteen of them, including Father Dam and Mother Dam and Brother Dam and Sister Dam, not to speak of Baby Dam and his Dam toy dog. Moreover they all came from Rotterdam on the steamship Rijndam. Conspicuous in the family are two sets of Dam twins. The proud Father is Jacob Dam, 45 years old. He is a farmer from Nieuf Beyerland, Holland, and he is going to take his Dam children to Pella, Iowa. With the Dam family was Father Dam's brother, Jan J. Dam, who is going to live with them. None of them speaks a word of English.

—Miss Bessie Calkins of DuBois, who is attending the Mansfield Conservatory of Music, has accompanied the glee club of that institution on several trips and her solo work has been a feature of the places visited. The Elysses Sentinel, in referring to Miss Calkins' work in the concert at that place, has the following words of praise: "Miss Bessie Calkins has a very beautiful soprano voice, and besides she knows how to use it. The high notes, some of them were far above the average voice, were taken with ease and sweetness and the singer appeared perfectly at home." The numerous friends and relatives of Miss Calkins in this place will be pleased to hear of her success.

—John M. Andrews of Warren who has been held for trial for the murder of Emile Amann, also of Warren, which occurred on Friday night, January 27th, gave his first statement on Tuesday relative to the murder. He declares that he is innocent and that, in view of recent events, his movements on the night of the murder were guided by Providence. He will now be able to prove an alibi, he says: if he had done an unusual thing that night he might not have been able to show where he was on the night of the murder.

—Word was received in Bradford yesterday that R. L. Looker, formerly of Rixford, now field man for the Prairie Oil & Gas company in Oklahoma, and Silas Trank, formerly of Rixford, where among those who were injured in the tornado at Big Heart, Okla., recently. There were twelve houses left standing, one of which was Mr. Looker's. Mr. Looker was blown out of the barn door into a vault and the barn was blown on top of him. How long he lay there unconscious is not known, when he recovered he dug his way out with sticks. He was badly bruised. Mrs. Looker and the children escaped without being injured. Mr. Trank suffered a broken arm and collar bone. The telegram received yesterday stated that all were doing nicely, says Bradford's Star-Record.

—The Warren police and law officials should go for the small boy and his deadly air-gun very strenuously. The kids like to shoot the birds and the practice is very dangerous to people, old and young. The Times has received several complaints about the dangerous practice. Better stop it, boys, or there will be serious punishment if you don't watch out.—Warren Times. This is a practice in almost every town where parents allow their children to have guns and should be guarded against, not only saving the birds from death and injury, but more times the boy who carries the gun. Parents should not permit their boys to have in their possession any kind of firearms.

I never saw a suffragette.
I never want to see one.
'Twould be a frightful sight, and yet
I'd rather see than be one.
—Judge.

"I have a remarkable history," began the lady who looked like a possible client.

"To tell or to sell?" inquired the lawyer cautiously.—Kansas City Journal.

The titled foreigners, I'm much afraid,
Come here a-seeking fortune, and it's funny
That rather than the money to be made
They always want the maid that has the money.
—New York Times.

Wigg—I saw you coming out of Dr. Bigfee's office the other day. What have you got?

Wagg—Nothing now; I just paid his bill.—Philadelphia Record.

Time waits for no man,
And 'twould fill him with despair
If he had to be a-waitin'
While the women fix their hair.
—Atlanta Constitution.

"My wife is one woman in a thousand."

"What now?"

"I just left her at the bargain counter."—Boston Transcript.

A small boy whose surname was Blye
When asked if he could eat mince pye
Just nodded his head
As he artlessly said,
"Bring out all you've got—I'll try-e."
—Chicago News.

Flat for Rent.

The flat over my drug store will be vacant in a short time, and is now for rent.

Apr.13-tf H. C. WELLS.

WHITE ROCK EGGS, $1.00 per sitting. B. S. Bayle, Smethport. 39-tf

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Three or four unfurnished rooms or small house for light housekeeping. Address, Postoffice Box 395. 21

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8 improved vacant lots at Crosby, Pa. 2 show cases, 1 money drawer, paper rack and counter. House and 3 acres of land situated between Crosby and Colegrove, Pa., with other buildings.

VOLNEY E. DUNBAR,
Feb.2-12t Portville, N. Y.

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Horses, ponies, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headwear, call on

Mar.23tf CARRIE CLARK.

Eggs.

Thoroughbred Pure Winning Single Comb Brown Leghorns. 15 eggs, 50 cents. B. STICKLES,
Apr.6-3t-pd East Smethport.

Attention Farmers!

G. W. King of East Smethport has just received a carload of all grades of salt. Apr.6-tf

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tailored our clothes. They spend more money in getting their clothes right than any other concern in the business. COME IN and look at the clothes. It will be a lesson to you, in real tailoring.

SUITS $18 to $25

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We want you to know that this store is well prepared to take care of your wants both in point of variety and dispensible quality.

No other store will give you better returns for your money most of them will do less for you.

RUGS—Room sizes 6x9 to 11-3x12 $6.00 to $27.50
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Smethport - - - - - - - - Penn'a.

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Easter Opening of Spring and Summer Goods

We handle the N. & L. Brand of Muslin Underwear and Princess Slips.

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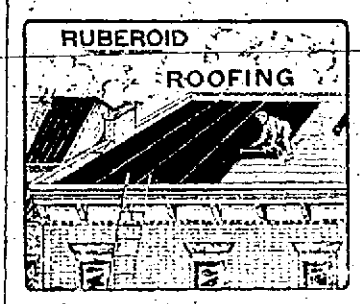

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

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RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

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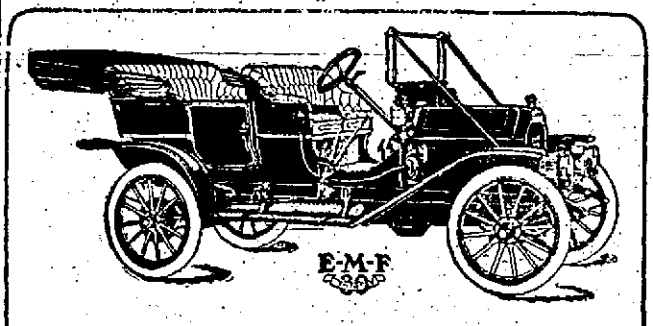

WE ARE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE E-M-F 30, FLANDERS 20, SELDEN and PEERLESS.

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The Mysterious Lady

It Was a Question Whether She Was a Ghost or Flesh and Blood.

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Undoubtedly the most interesting city in the world—at any rate, to Europeans and Americans—is Rome. For twenty-five centuries she has been passing through exciting scenes such as have been but occasional with other cities. And her changes have been no less remarkable. There was the austere purity of the republic, the profligacy of the empire, her almost obliteration following the many attacks of her enemies, the petty quarrels and villainies of the middle ages.

Perhaps the most despicable period at Rome was during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Within this period every head of a family inhabited his tower or stronghold, in which he defended himself against every other family. There were the Orsini, the Borgias, the Colonna and many other clans whose business it was to fight, slaughter or poison one another. Some of them grew rich through plunder—there was then no other way—and built enormous palaces, where they lived with their retainers in princely style.

During a visit to Rome I occupied a room in one of these palazzios. The building is very long and has been cut up into sections by partition walls. Not that there is any regularity in these partitions; they occur any and everywhere, and it is not easy to tell which ones were a part of the original palace and which have been built in since. I was curious about the pile, for though I was then but twenty-five years old I had read much about mediæval Italy, and I knew the history of the house from its building. It was erected by one of the most villainous of the Roman family leaders that flourished in the fifteenth century. A number of times his enemies besieged his palace, overcame his followers, but could never capture him. The fox had means of escape that enabled him to go forth a free man, though every avenue of exit was carefully watched.

My room was on the second story on a corridor with apartments on either hand and was near one extremity. On the terminal wall was a mural picture.

Being interested, as I have said, in the building, I one day questioned the maid who took care of my room about its construction. The only information I elicited was that none of the rooms between me and the near end of the hall was occupied. This may have been because the summer season was coming on, when travelers seek more northerly climates.

Nevertheless one morning on leaving my room I was just in time to see a lady advance from this unoccupied region. Perhaps it was the effect of my imagination, perhaps some arrangement of her costume borrowed from two or three centuries gone, but it seemed to me that the lady I observed to medieval times. There may be another reason why I should have thus considered her, the fact that I had not expected to see any one, or, if I expected, out of the wall. For had not my maid told me that none of the others from which she came was occupied?

However, I was so struck with the vision of loveliness that swept by me that "who" or "what" she was or what's her name" or "why I comparatively small part of my thoughts concerning her. I watched her till she reached the center of the corridor and passed down the staircase. At that moment the maid came along, with her brooms and brushes, and I took her back to the rooms she had told me were vacant. She assured me that they were. Slipping a couple of lire into her hands, I asked her to unlock them. She opened every door, and there was nothing but the bare furniture in any one of them. Nor was there any opening or stairway leading elsewhere. In other words, the end of the corridor was a complete pocket.

From whence had the lady come?

I regretted that I had not followed her downstairs to see whither she went. It was but 9 o'clock in the morning, and it occurred to me that she might have gone to the cafe on the first floor for breakfast. I went down there, but she was nowhere to be seen. She was in street costume and had doubtless gone out.

For several days I spent all my time going about the city, hoping to meet the mysterious lady, visiting every gallery, ruin or subterranean excavation in Rome. I did not happen to meet her. I kept an eye for her in the palazzio, both in the cafe and other parts of the building where I would be likely to meet her. My watchfulness availed me nothing. I remembered a sentence similar about the hour at thinking she might have left Rome.

Then one evening, expecting [illegible] stairway in the building, I started down the corridor. No lights had yet been lit, and [illegible] As I was putting my key into the door of my room I felt a current of air and, turning, caught a glimpse of the mysterious lady going in the same direction as before.

I was then young, and superstitions that have a greater hold I think on youth than experience and [illegible] not yet worn away. Somehow I was impressed with the belief that the mysterious lady was one of those who had [illegible]

[illegible] ries before. This feeling paralyzed me just long enough to permit her to escape me. Then, coming to my senses, I ran after her and down the staircase. I was too late. She had either passed on to the rooms at the other end of the corridor or had left the building. Probably she had entered some private apartment, for it was growing dark and too late for any lady, especially one young and beautiful, to be out on the street alone.

The next morning at an hour when the most light made its way into the corridor, having bribed the maid to lend me her pass key, I opened every door of those in the mysterious region and explored every room for some exit. I found none. Then I tapped the terminal wall, but got no sound indicating anything wooden or hollow. The mural painting was a landscape in which was a woman's figure in the dress of ancient Rome. The picture must have been very old, for the colors were much faded, and it had evidently been painted in the stiff style that had been in vogue when the palazzio was built. My examinations led me to no discovery whatever.

When it rains in Rome it rains hard. One afternoon when a torrent was pouring from the clouds and it was consequently very dark in the palazzio, going to my room, I saw a marvelous sight. It seemed that the wall beyond my room had been removed and the corridor had been indefinitely extended. There were a few dim lights about me, and the corridor in its whole length was lighted by similar ones. Owing to the dimness all this was barely perceptible. Then the extension melted away, and there was only the ill defined space at the end of the corridor to which I had been used.

Thinking there must be something the matter with my eyes, I put a fist against each of them and gave them a prolonged rubbing. When I took my fists away for another look there was the mysterious lady coming toward me.

She smiled as she passed me. Possibly my sensibilities were much overwrought and my imagination exaggerated everything, but it seemed to me that smile was the sweetest I had ever seen on a woman's face.

Again my superstitious instincts caused me to stand stock still while I might have determined whether the vision were ghost or flesh and blood by means of touch. But it seemed to me that I had been swung back to mediæval times and this woman was moving within the palazzio as she had moved there several centuries before. When she had passed beyond me, instead of following her I crammed my fists again against my eyes to restore a normal sight. When I removed them the vision had disappeared.

That was the last view I had of the mysterious lady of the palazzio. In vain I waited for her to appear again, vowing that if she did I would seize her and detain her till I could determine whether she were flesh and blood. But after several weeks' patient waiting, since she did not appear and I met her nowhere in Rome, I was forced to conclude that if she were a ghost she had been vaporized, and if she were flesh and blood she had left the Eternal City. I made no effort to get an explanation, for in the first place I didn't care to let any one know how superstitious or [illegible] stupid I had been, and the secret was one that I preferred to keep down at the bottom of my heart. I left Rome still uncertain whether I had been bewitched by a mediæval ghost or my charmer were a real person.

Fate brought me a solution. Returning to America, a few days out from Southampton one morning on deck I passed the mysterious lady sitting in a steamer chair.

I looked at her in amazement. She burst into a laugh.

"You and I don't need an introduction," she said. "We have met before. Be seated," pointing to a vacant chair beside her, "and I will tell you all about it."

I accepted the invitation, and she continued:

"I occupied rooms in the compartment next to yours in the palazzio. One who knew every nook and corner, every secret passage, in the building showed me a wall dividing a corridor filled by a mirror. Touching a spring, the wall swung on a pivot, and when reversed a mural painting was where the mirror had been.

"It occurred to me that I would like to astonish some one by passing through this passageway. To heighten the effect I wore a dress which is a modernized costume of the sixteenth century. The first person I hit upon was you, and I enjoyed your look of wonder immensely. The last time I appeared to you when I was passing the wall I saw you near the staircase. Crouching, I turned the mirror toward you, thus giving you a reflection of the corridor in which you stood. This, I knew, would cause the hall to appear to you continuous. Then when you covered your eyes I swung back the reverse."

"What a fool I was!" I exclaimed. "I have been in doubt whether you were an apparition of a mediæval dame or flesh and blood."

"Have you?" she exclaimed, with delight. "Had I known that how much more pleasure I should have derived from the freak."

"I presume," I said musingly, "that the passage through the wall was built and used by the fox who first owned and occupied the palazzio?"

"Yes. I was told that on one occasion it saved his life."

"He must have had skillful workmen to make it. I examined it carefully, even knocking on it, but could find nothing more than a blank wall."

The next summer the mysterious lady and I made a wedding trip to Rome, stopped at the palazzio and I made a very critical search for the spring that opened it. My wife was [illegible] me where it was.

Love and a Laundry Check

The Way Two Lovers Became Reunited.

By MABEL D. CALHOUN

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

"Well—I'll—be—jiggered!"

Chris Webb brought his horse to a standstill and stared down at the small square of yellow paper that fluttered before Dixie's dancing hoofs like a will-o'-the-wisp of the daytime. Suddenly he dug his knees into Dixie's shoulders, and as she sprang forward Chris leaned over and caught the flying paper with a practiced hand. Then he scanned it closely and uttered a long drawn whistle.

Plainly it was a Chinese laundry check and represented to its owner a necessary article of wearing apparel that probably lay unclaimed in the wash house of some moon faced Celestial.

A laundry check found on the sidewalk in town is a common occurrence. A laundry check discovered in an obscure canyon in the desert regions of Arizona becomes a matter for considerable interest, especially if one has just convinced himself that this particular canyon has never been trod by the foot of civilized man.

"There isn't a Chink laundry within fifty miles, or I'm a sinner! And I was sure I'd struck a new trail, and after naming that gulley and all to find this!"

Hours afterward when he rolled dustily up to the bunk house and turned Dixie over to the friendly proffered services of Dutchy Fink, there was some comment on his extended absence.

"Where's the critter?" asked Henderson, making room for his comrade at the table and passing Webb's cup to be filled.

"Dead," replied Christopher, his strong white teeth biting deep into a hunk of corn bread. "I followed the trail clean off the range into the sand and cactus and then I missed it. After awhile I saw a buzzard high in the air, and I guessed what had happened, so I followed and found the critter under a twisted cottonwood."

"Dead?" questioned Peters.

"Almost. Of course I couldn't leave her that way with that devilish buzzard lunging around, so"—he paused for another draft of coffee.

"So you shot her, Chris?"

"Yep, and then I shot the buzzard."

They laughed indulgently. "You always was soft hearted, Chris," commented Peters, filling his pipe. "Who'd stop to bore a strayed critter after chasing her twenty miles?"

"I would," said Chris in a voice that indicated he was weary of the topic. "Any you chaps got fancy?"

He deftly rolled a cigarette in his lean brown fingers and drew a light from Henderson's smoke. "Which one of you fellows is wearing blued shirts?" he asked lazily.

"Not guilty!" they cried in chorus, and Peters continued. "They ain't a chap had nerve enough to sport a blued shirt on the Three Forks outfit; not since Pinky Fleming was took for a ghost and a greaser shot him dead-right through the blued shirt!"

"Since then blued shirts has been looked on like sudden death," put in Henderson gravely. "No, sir, there ain't nobody on Little Forks wearing blued shirts. Why you ask, Chris?"

"Anybody know where there's a Chink laundry?" demanded Chris patiently.

"I expect there's one in Tucson," suggested Peters. "Seems like a dream—I remember shooting up a Chink laundry there. That was a long time ago," he added lastly.

"Then there ain't a Chink laundry nearer than Tucson?" said Chris.

"How 'bout Cactus Branch?" suggested [illegible] from his quiet corner. "Seem [illegible] recollect once when I was passing the Lone Horn—I was going to the roundup at the Branch, you know some of the wimmen folks asked me would I leave a bundle at the laundry there and git a check for it. Being of an obliging nature, I just naturally said I would, and I'm blamed if they didn't tote out a big, squashy bundle, and me expecting a couple of collars or mebbe a blued shirt! Mrs. Traymore—you know Jim Traymore's running the Lone Horn now—Mrs. Traymore says not to lose it, because it's a 'precious thing.' It's nothing but a fancy white dress her sister was expecting to wear to the schoolhouse dance, and the girl had set her heart it should be done up right and nobody but a Chink must do it.

"As I was roped in for the job I bows most polite and says I will leave the check on my way back. Well"—he paused and eyed his companions dubiously—"you all recollect the roundup at Cactus Branch?"

"Being as it only happened last week, we have strong recollections," confessed Chris, rubbing his head thoughtfully. "We specially recollect all about you, Redwood, and you sure didn't take the trail by the Lone Horn when you came back, and you ain't been off this outfit since."

"That's right," admitted Redwood glumly.

"What happened?"

"I left the squashy bundle all right, and the Chink said it would be 4 bits, and he gave me a piece of paper covered with turkey tracks, and now I don't know where the blamed paper is unless"— He brightened suddenly and slapped his knee. "Now, I reckon mebbe I made a cigarette out of it. I was short of paper about that time."

Henderson laughed loudly. "You'd have knowed it if you'd smoked that Redwood. Mebbe we can help you out because if that girl don't git to the dance, why, I don't know what the chaps will do. I've seen her."

"Is it that bad?" asked Peters sympathetically.

"She's a peacherino!" quoth Mr. Henderson warmly.

Chris got upon his feet and tossed away the end of his cigarette. "What trail did you follow when you came back from the roundup?" he yawned carelessly.

Redwood shook his head hopelessly. "I've been trying to figure that out ever since. I must have got lost, for I was three days getting back here and I had nothing to eat"—

"You can cut that out," interjected Peters, grinning. "I found you at Bodeman's, and that's over to the south east—somewhere near where Chris has been after his stray critter."

Mr. Webb's air of langour increased. "Then I reckon this young lady can't go to the dance unless she gets this dress what the Chink is washing, eh?" He yawned again.

Redwood nodded. "I reckon it's the only party dress she's got; she seemed mighty particular about it," he said regretfully.

"And she can't get the dress without the check?" persisted Chris sleepily.

"No checkee, no shirtee!" returned Redwood.

"You going to the dance?"

Mr. Redwood smiled laboriously and ran his hand along one leg with a painful gesture. "I reckon my leg's most too stiff this time, so I guess I won't be around tomorrow night," he said.

They laughed heartlessly as they parted for the night.

In his own corner of the roughly partitioned bunk house Christopher Webb pulled the laundry check from his pocket and studied the strange hieroglyphics with thoughtful eyes. "I'll do it," he said suddenly. "I reckon she'll be mighty grateful to the one who brings back her party dress. I expect it's a pretty thing—all frills and furbelows and lacy stuff, like what Annie used to wear." His dark eyes became almost black with a sudden intensity of emotion, and his brows knitted painfully. "I wasn't cut out for a bookkeeper or for city life. If she'd only have seen that my coming into the open was my call to what I could do best, but she gave me the go by, and here I am! I'm a darned sight better off in some ways than I was there in Denver. I've got health and I've got a thousand salted away against the ranch I'll buy some day, but I haven't got her!"

His head drooped a little, and then as if aware of his weakness, he threw back his shoulders and laughed softly. "No need to keep that other girl away from the party," he said in a low tone as he proceeded to make an elaborate toilet with such facilities as the cabin afforded.

It was past midnight when he let himself out of the door and made his way into the corral. It was the work of a moment to catch up a mount. This time it was a rawboned sorrel with a long raking stride that carried his rider over the trail with remarkable swiftness. At 10 o'clock the next morning Christopher Webb dismounted stiffly from the sorrel and entered the door of a Chinese laundry in the flourishing town of Cactus Branch. In his hand he carried a laundry check, and when he came forth he bore a large and squashy looking bundle, which he placed carefully before him when he remounted.

A brief stop for breakfast and then he was back on another trail, this time the one leading toward the Lone Horn. He knew Jim Traymore slightly, had met him three years before when Chris had first come out into the open, as he called his departure from the city, but he had not seen Jim recently. He had heard that he was married now and taken the Lone Horn.

At 5 o'clock he clattered up to the veranda of the Lone Horn ranch house and shouted in a stentorian voice:

"Laundry!"

There was a delighted shriek from within and light footsteps on the wooden floor of the hall. Then a slender form gowned in pale blue cotton darted across the veranda and held up eager arms for the bundle—a lovely golden haired girl with wistful blue eyes and a sadly drooping mouth, who did not see Christopher Webb's amazed face. She saw nothing save the bundle and a tall, kindly disposed cowboy who had ridden out of his way to oblige her.

"How can I thank you"— she was beginning when Christopher spoke from the shadow of his broad hat.

"Annie!" he said in a low tone.

Annie Lee looked at him for a moment, and then, dropping her head against his knee, she cried softly for awhile. "Elsie married Jim Traymore a year ago," she explained, "and I came out here to visit them. I didn't know where you were, Chris, but I felt somehow if I was out in the country I might be near you anyway [illegible]"

When Christopher broke the news to his comrades at the Three Forks he added, laughing, "I reckon they'll [illegible] still demand a blued shirt, eh, boys?"

"So do, go do," cried Henderson eagerly. "Seems like a wedding ought to break that there blued shirt hoodoo."

"You got any laundry checks in your sleeve?" demanded Peters of Henderson. "You speak kind of wishful like you'd love to wear a blued shirt."

"I expect all of you to wear 'em when—when it's necessary—that is, when I'm married," said the happy Christopher [illegible]

HAD FURNISHED ROOMS.

And He Had a Sign Out to Let the Neighbors Know.

In a little settlement on the outskirts of Chicago two houses stand out more boldly than the rest. These two are the domiciles of two Italians of means, who, although being very ignorant men, vied with each other for the social leadership of the locality.

One day a newcomer, in search of temporary lodgings, attracted by a conspicuous sign in the window of the first of these two houses, stepped to the door to make inquiry.

"I see you have furnished rooms here," he said to the swarthy man who answered his knock.

"Ya," rejoined the foreigner, pointing to the furnished room sign, "dere's da sign."

"Well, if you have one that's suitable I'd like to rent it for awhile."

"We no rent da rooms," was the bewildering declaration. "I got my family in here, and day take up all da house."

"Don't rent any rooms? Why, then, have you that sign stuck in the window?"

"I'll tell you. Las' week dat fellow next door hang such a sign in his front window, an' we'n I see dat I put one of da same kind in my front window, just to show da people dat he ain't only man in dis place dat have his rooms furnished!"—Judge's Library.

SEEING THE FAR EAST.

It Should Be Viewed Through the Bible and "Arabian Nights."

The best books on the east, as every one knows, are the Bible and the "Arabian Nights," and yet I found most travelers were saturating themselves with sulphity descriptions of monuments and places, with tabloids of history, with technical paragraphs on architecture and the ethnic religions, with figures about the height of this and the length of that or condensed statistics of exports and imports and the tonnage through the Suez canal and dates about the Pharaohs and the Mughals. No wonder they see nothing, know nothing, enjoy nothing and come home bringing a few expletives, adjectives and photographs which can be had for a small price in either New York or London.

The first thing to do in going to the east is to turn your education out on your desk so that you can get at the bottom of it, and there you will find the Bible and the "Arabian Nights" and the "Odyssey" and "Iliad" and "Virgil" and "Herodotus" and "Xenophon," and you will realize what a fool you were not to have devoted more time to them when you were asked to do so. Guide books can get you to the east, but they do not get you inside. It is temperament, not trains, that counts.—Price Collier in Scribner's Magazine.

Perfumes.

Civet is an aromatic substance of the consistence of honey and is obtained from a pouch on the civet cat, an animal from two to three feet long and about ten or twelve inches high. The best known of animal odors is musk, which is obtained from the musk deer. China furnishes the best quality. Twenty-five pods or sacks are packed in oblong boxes composed of plates of lead inclosed in a caddy made of pasteboard. Musk is obtained from Assam, Siberia, the Altai mountains and other parts of northern Asia. Ambergris is another animal odor. It is secreted in the intestines of the spermaceti whale. A very curious fact is that ambergris is only accumulated by disease—that is, it is only secreted in a sick whale. It is very hard, of a light gray color and is found in quantities varying from twenty to fifty pounds. It is worth about £6 an ounce.—London Standard.

Mucilage and Gum.

"I went into a stationer's shop in London one day," said an American, "and said to the shop assistant:

"'Do you keep mucilage?'

"'No, sir,' the young man answered. 'We try to take in all the papers, but there are so many new ones coming out. Still, I can order mucilage for you, sir. Which number did you want?'

"I learned afterward that I should have asked for gum. They don't have the word 'mucilage' over there in England.

"But an Englishman traveling on one of our railways stopped a train boy and said:

"'Have you got any gum?'

"'No; I don't use it, boss,' the boy replied in friendly fashion, 'but I can let you have a chaw off this here plug.'"—Washington Star.

An Accomplished Linguist.

"Did you learn any French while you were in Paris?" asked Bildad, meeting Slithers shortly after his return from Europe.

"Oh, a little," said Slithers. "Not so very much, though. I got so I could say cigarette in French."

"Good!" said Bildad. "What is cigarette in French?"

"Cigarette," said Slithers.—Harper's Weekly.

Taking Away From the Subject.

When Frederick Robertson of Brighton, the great preacher who had written much about Tennyson's poems and for whom the poet had a high regard, first called upon him, "I felt," said Tennyson, "as if he had come to pluck out the heart of my mystery, so I talked to him about nothing but beer."

For the First Comer.

Young Man—So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her? Small Brother—Nobody ain't come yet, but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her.—Boston Transcript.

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Anne Boleyn and the Lemon.

Who ever thinks of connecting such a commonplace article of diet as the lemon with the romantic history of ill fated Anne Boleyn? Yet indirectly she was the cause of its first introduction into England and so into popular notice. Henry VIII. gave such splendid feasts and pageants in honor of the coronation of Anne and of their previous nuptials as had seldom been recorded to queens of the blood royal. These kingly entertainments were in turn followed by the great civic feasts of London, for which the whole world was searched for delicacies to add to the splendor. At one such banquet, graced by the presence of the royal pair, a lemon was introduced as an element novelty. To an [illegible] as Henry [illegible] In [illegible] attributed [illegible] old [illegible] was made of the fact that the cost of this precious lemon was six silver pennies!

An Architectural Curiosity.

There are many churches throughout England which are without tower or spire, but there are few churches which can boast of having a tower and spire side by side. One of these is the parish church of Ormskirk, in Lancashire. The tower is built over the porch at the west end, and the spire is placed as closely as possible to it. The origin of this architectural freak has not been ascertained, but there is a tradition to the effect that when Orme, the Saxon pirate from whom the town derives its name, decided to construct a kirk, or church, as an expiatory offering for his evil deeds his two daughters quarreled over the design of the structure. One determined to have a tower, the other was equally resolved to have a steeple. As neither of them would give way the plucky chief accorded to both their wishes, and the citizens may see the tower and spire still looking watch side by side on the surrounding country.

She Played the Green.

The attache of a European embassy was very much attracted by a western girl of great beauty and still greater wealth at a summer resort, and in order to interest her deeply he fell into the habit of discoursing at length on his family tree and telling her that ancestry was of great value to a man.

The girl from the west had been brought up in a section of the country where every man was accepted for what he was and not because of what his ancestors had been or done. She began to be bored by the attache's lectures on pedigree.

"Blue blood," he remarked one day, "is something not everybody can boast of."

"Oh, yes," she agreed indifferently, "but what's the use of blue blood if you haven't got the long green?"—Popular Magazine.

Contempt For the House of Commons.

There is nothing noble or exalted in the history of the house of commons. Indeed, a devil's advocate had he the requisite talent, could easily deliver an oration as long and as eloquent as any of Burke's or Sheridan's, taking as his subject the stupidity, cowardice and, until recent times, the corruption of the house of commons. I confess I cannot call to mind a single occasion in its long and remarkable history when the house of commons, as a whole, played a part either gloriously heroic or conspicuously wise, but we all of us can recall hundreds of occasions when heroism and wisdom being greatly needed, the house of commons exhibited either selfish indifference, crass ignorance or the vulgarest passion.—Augustine Birrell's "Essays and Addresses."

The Swedish Almanac.

The Swedish name almanac differs from English almanacs in giving, besides the usual information, a Christian name for each sex for every day of the year. The names set forth have to receive the approval of the king. The object aimed at is to secure a greater choice of names for parents and to avoid the endless repetition of a dozen or so names. A similar name almanac is issued under royal authority in one of the German states.—London Graphic.

Sounded Bigger.

"How did you get that new clerk? He wouldn't accept an offer from me."

"Probably I offered him larger inducements."

"I told him his wages would be $10 a week."

"That's it, then. I told him his salary would be $10 a month."—Cleveland Leader.

Moral Courage.

As to moral courage, I have very rarely met with the 2 o'clock in the morning courage. I mean unprepared courage, that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion, and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and decision. —Napoleon.

Beginning Early.

Caller (viewing new baby)—Do you think he is going to resemble his father?—Mother—I shouldn't be surprised. He keeps me up nights even now.—Boston Transcript.

Ups and Downs.

"Oh, well, everybody has his ups and downs!"

"That's right. Just at present I'm down pretty low because I'm hard up."

The great soul of this world is just.—Carlyle.

ORIGIN OF AN EXPRESSION.

"If This Court Knows Herself, and She Thinks She Do."

We frequently hear the expression, "If the court knows itself, and it thinks it does," but few persons are aware of the origin thereof.

The individual who gave birth to it was a Pike county Missourian named Blackburn, who flourished in the west many years ago. Blackburn ran away from home when he was a mere boy and sought his fortune in the west, where he grew to manhood as an Indian fighter, hunter, trapper and mountain guide. Although not an educated man, he was possessed of great acumen, to which was united a keen wit. When gold was discovered in California, Blackburn was one of the first to proceed thither. His miners as a sort of jokeselected him alcalde, an office that combined the duties of mayor and justice of the peace. The first case coming before the new alcalde was that of a gambler who while drunk had ridden his horse over a young Mexican woman. She was seriously injured.

The trial took place in the largest cabin in the neighborhood. The gambler, who was rich, had retained able counsel to defend him. Alcalde Blackburn called the young woman to the witness stand. She told a straightforward, honest story. When she had finished the alcalde peremptorily ended the trial. The attorney for the defendant protested vigorously, but the alcalde disposed of his protest thus: "If this court knows herself, and she thinks she do, I fine you $500 damages and assess upon you the cost of puttin' this young woman in good condition."

When asked what he meant by "good condition" the alcalde replied that the gambler must pay the doctor's bills and all other costs of the young woman's sickness.—Exchange.

MOZART'S UNTIMELY END.

Sad Finish of the Career of the Great Musical Genius.

Late hours, unwearied vigils, everlasting labor, the effects of chills, damp and exposure, in the hard life he led—a life alternating between brilliant passages and the most loathsome drudgery, between rosy anticipations of fortune and inevitable and eternal disappointments—had their effects on the vigorous constitution of Mozart. His lamp of life burnt out untimely. While still a young man—only thirty-five years old—he fell into ill health, the symptoms of which were a fitful, restless nervousness, a craving for inordinate excitement and a rapid decay of the physical stamina of his constitution.

Unfortunately for him, in the absence of any strong influence at home which might keep him in the path of duty, he was tempted to seek recreation abroad and fell into the company of a dissipated set of men, haunters of the theaters and taverns of Vienna, the chief spirit of whom was one Schikaneder, a low, coarse man of neither refinement nor talent. In company with this crew the glorious genius, whose critical state of health demanded the utmost care and attention from loving hands, flitted night after night from tavern to tavern in Vienna, deluding himself with vice under the idea that he was gathering the secret spirit of brotherhood for use in his opera, "The Magic Flute," on which he at that time was engaged.—Rowbotham's "Private Life of Great Composers."

Teeth In Their Stomachs.

Whatever it may be that the lobster and the crab, rapacious, never dainty, are eating they always see something else that they want and can't wait until they have masticated the first before attacking the second. But they don't give up the first, not by any manner of means. Nature, humoring this rapacious bent, has fitted the lobster and the crab with teeth in their stomachs, and they swallow their half masticated food and finish the chewing process with their stomachs while they seize and chew the other thing that has attracted them. Lobsters and crabs have no teeth in their mouths. They chew with their claws what they have time to and hand the unfinished job down to their stomachs to do the rest of the chewing.

Dollar Bills From All Over.

"That dollar silver certificate you have there has been gathered together from all over the world," said the bank cashier. "Part of the paper fiber is linen rag from the orient.

"The silk comes from Italy or China. The blue ink is made from German or Canadian cobalt. The black ink is made from Niagara Falls acetylene gas smoke, and most of the green ink is green color mixed in white zinc sulphite made in Germany.

"When the treasury seal is printed in red the color comes from Central America."—New York Sun.

No Apology Necessary.

"I congratulate you most heartily," said the nearsighted guest at the wedding, "on this happy—oh, I beg your pardon! I thought I was speaking to the bridegroom."

"That's all right," the other man replied. "I accept your congratulations. I am the father of the bride."—Chicago Tribune.

Very Lucky.

"I don't get what I deserve for my jokes," wailed the humorist.

"You're lucky," sympathized his friend.—Toledo Blade.

When a man falls back on oaths he declares himself out of arguments.

RUSIE'S TERRIFIC SPEED.

His Thunderbolt Delivery Terrorized the Batters.

A veteran ball player who has batted against nearly all of the noted pitchers in the last twenty years named Amos Rusie as the universal standard of speed in shooting the ball across the rubber.

"There have been many fast pitchers in baseball, and all of them in their time when they cut loose for fair have baffled the best of hitters with their speed, but you will notice that when fast pitchers are spoken of the one remark is always made, 'Has he the speed that Amos Rusie had?' And, I think, it will be that way forever. As long as ball games are remembered, and that will be as the nation's game lives, Rusie will be in the champion speed class. He was the one pitcher who could send in the ball faster than any one else that ever lived. When you say 'fast as Rusie' you don't mean it, either; you only wish to show that your favorite pitcher is a very speedy boy.

"Words fail really to describe the speed with which Rusie sent the ball. He was a man of great width, great strength and the ability to put every ounce of his weight into the pitch. Coupled with this he had a set of dazzling curves which were manufactured with the same effort required to produce the speed. Some men can throw a straight ball with great force, but have to slow up in order to develop curves, but Rusie drove in a curved ball with all of his tremendous power.

"Facing Rusie to a timid man was like going into battle must be to an inexperienced soldier. The distance was shorter then. Rusie had the whole box to move around in instead of being chained to a slab, and he simply drove the ball at you with the force of a cannon. I have stood up to all the great pitchers of more twenty years, I have seen scores of them come and go, and none of them inspired the terror in a batsman's heart that was put there by the mighty Rusie. The ball was like a white streak tearing past you without time to balance yourself, figure the course of the ball or take aim at it. The fellows with the wide curve might foot you into reaching out and missing them, but you weren't reaching out at Rusie—you simply swung at a white streak as it hurled past, and if you took a full arm swing the ball was gone and in the catcher's hands before you had half finished the swinging motion.

"The convincing proof of Rusie's terrible speed was this: If any other pitcher hit a man the man would limped a moment and went to first. If Rusie hit a man the man retired from the game and sometimes went to the hospital. To be hit by Rusie was worse than to have an ordinary man smash you with a rock."—New York World.

He Didn't Know Them.

The late Rev. Horatio Stebbins of San Francisco was a man of large mind and noble powers, but more familiar with the world of intellectual and scholastic interests than with trivial and timely things. His household was blessed with a charming daughter who grew up tall and beautiful, commanding the admiration of all who saw her.

One day a visitor said to the good doctor: "Doctor, your daughter grows more charming day by day. Why, she's a regular Gibson girl."

"Ah, thank you, thank you," replied the doctor in his best manner. When the visitor had gone, turning to his wife the doctor asked, "My dear, who are the Gibsons?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Change For the Better.

The nine-year-old boy of a Baltimore family who is compelled by his parents to practice daily upon the piano may not be a clever performer, but he has a pretty shrewd notion of the worth of an instrument, as well as a rather mature wit, as is evidenced by an incident in the household not long since.

His father upon returning home from a week's absence heard the lad plugging away at the piano.

"When did you learn that new piece, son?" asked the parent.

"It isn't a new piece, dad," answered the boy. "The piano has been tuned."—Lippincott's.

She Won.

He was a philosopher and a talker. She was a woman of action. They stood together on the bridge and watched a tug that was hauling a long line of barges up the river.

"Look there, my dear," said he. "Such is life. The tug is like the man, working and toiling, while the barges, like the women, are"—

His wife gave him no time to finish the sentence. "I know," she said. "The tug does all the blowing and the barges bear all the burden."

Not So Bad.

"What's the worst you can say about him?"

"He hasn't an honest hair in his head."

"Well, that's bad enough."

"Oh, not so bad as you think. I mean he wears a wig."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Dining Hint.

Fletcher says you should "hold your face down" when you are eating, so that your tongue will hang perpendicularly in your mouth. To do this most comfortably get down on your hands and knees when you eat, explains the Chicago Record-Herald.

There is but one virtue—the eternal sacrifice of self.—George Sand.

GUARDING THE KING.

Old English Methods When the Monarch Was Taken Sick.

"The law raises peculiar safeguards round the person of the English sovereign in case of sickness. They are more survivals in the present settled order of government, but at one time the opportunity which the king's incapacity afforded aspirants to the throne or treason makers to shorten his days at a minimum of risk of detection made the precautions reasonable.

"If the king be taken sick," says Coke in his "Institutes," "there ought to be a warrant issue from the privy council, addressed to certain physicians and surgeons, authorizing them to administer to the royal patient potions, syrups, baths, etc., medicines, etc. Still, none of these should be given except by consent and advice of the council, and they ought to set down in writing everything done and administered, and they should compound all drugs themselves and not intrust their preparation to any apothecary."

Coke wrote thus of precedent in the year 1610, and today the law is practically as he found it, although at the present time in practice the privy council simply hears reports of the progress of the king's malady and leaves actual treatment entirely to the physicians in direct charge of the case.—Exchange.

GIANT TREES OF JAMAICA.

They Shed Masses of Beautiful Silk Cotton Every Year.

The silk cotton trees of Jamaica are one of the most striking natural features of this beautiful island, and visitors express much curiosity concerning them. The fiber of the cotton is too short for textile uses, but its quality is delicate and fine.

The trees are most interesting in structure. They reach a height of 250 or 300 feet. It is the largest tree on the island, and the branches often overhang more than an acre of ground. Some of them are centuries old, dating back to the landing of the Spaniards. They have withstood the tropical winds of the region through the adaptation of their structure. The leaves are very few, and there are heavy masses of roots.

This giant tree flowers once a year. It bears a number of pods much the size and shape of a cucumber. These pods dry, and burst, and out floats the beautiful cream colored silk cotton, covering the ground and sailing in the air for some distance. The seeds, of course, are borne on the silky filaments. This cotton is used at present only for pillows. Its use as guncotton has been spoken of.

The trees are often felled by the native Jamaicans and hewn into canoes, which last for generations.—Christian Science Monitor.

Some Task.

The office manager turned to the new boy.

"Here, George," he said, "go into the next room and look up 'collaborate.' I am not quite sure about the spelling."

The boy disappeared and didn't return. The manager put the letter aside and took up some other duties. Presently he remembered the boy and went out to look for him. He found the lad studying the big dictionary with great intentness.

"What are you doing, George?" he asked.

The boy looked around.

"I forgot the word you told me, sir," he replied, "an' I'm lookin' through the book to find it."

The manager gasped.

"How far have you got?"

"I'm just finishing the second page, sir."

"That'll do, George." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fixing the Lesson.

Parson Saunders was a little perturbed one Sunday morning over some worldly matter and made a mistake in the reading of the Scriptural lessons. He read the second lesson where he should have read the first. As he neared the end of his reading the parson saw that he was in error. He saw that his congregation knew he was in error. How, then, to conclude? To conclude in the orthodox way—"here endeth the second lesson"—would hardly do, as it was not the second lesson, but the first. Nor, could it, on the other hand, be called the first lesson since properly it was the second? Parson Saunders, after a moment's thought, wisely and frankly concluded:

"Here endeth the wrong lesson."—New York Press.

Very Considerate.

"I suppose, Jennie, you wouldn't want to go to the concert Wednesday in your old hat?"

"You dear thing! I couldn't possibly think of showing myself in it."

"That's what I thought, so I"—

"What?"

"Bought only one ticket to the concert."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

The Aspect.

"The school board, the police board and the jail board are all in the limelight at once for trouble."

"Yes, it certainly does seem as if our city public affairs were going by the board."—New York Journal.

The Harvest.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.—George D. Boardman.

True friends have no solitary joy or sorrow.—Channing.

MICROSCOPIC MESSAGES.

How a Single Pigeon Might Carry a Whole Library.

For more than 2,000 years carrier pigeons have been used to carry messages when no other means sufficed, and during the siege of Paris, when 363 birds were sent out from the doomed city, one of the birds performed the almost incredible feat of carrying to the outside world on one trip no less than 40,000 messages averaging twenty words each. This was 800,000 words, or the equivalent of five or six average novels.

This marvel was accomplished by means of microscopic photography, the messages being first printed with ordinary type and then photographed and reduced and then photographed until they had been reduced to several hundred diameters. The first photographs were taken on films [illegible] of collodion, each of which about two inches square, contained [illegible] words. A dozen of these films, rolled up in a quill, weighed but one twenty-eighth of an ounce. The messages could, of course, be read with a microscope without the necessity of rephotographing and enlarging.

Under favorable conditions and for comparatively short distances pigeons have carried as much as three-quarters of an ounce. Using the photo reduction method, it would therefore be possible for a single bird to carry messages equal in words to no fewer than 120 ordinary volumes.—Harper's Weekly.

Whistler's White Lock.

As long as the name of James McNeill Whistler lives among those who saw him it will recall the famous white lock which stood out so conspicuously from the mass of his black hair. It was, as he used to say himself, "well placed" and was always treated from the harmonious point of view to develop its greatest effect in his appearance. One day when Dorothy Menpes, daughter of the well known English artist Mortimer Menpes, was a baby and was asleep on her pillow Whistler went to see her. A white feather had by chance settled on her head and lay in a spot exactly corresponding with the white lock on his own head. "That child is going to develop into something great," he exclaimed, "for, see, she begins with a feather, just like me!"

Gypsy Queens.

On occasions America treats its gypsy monarchs with full regal pomp. Matilda Stanley was accorded an almost regal funeral in 1878 at Dayton, O., where, ten years later, another queen was crowned with all proper ceremonial. In England, too, gypsy queens have received all due honor. Esther Fan Blythe, who died in 1888, had many members of the aristocracy on her visiting list, and she, too, had a regular coronation. But, on the whole, the gypsy has not had a very good time in England. An act of 1562, for example, made it a felony without benefit of clergy to be merely seen for a month in the society of gypsies, while for actually being a gypsy no punishment was too severe.—London Standard.

A Premium on Marriage.

In Belgium they place a premium on marriage by allowing a married man two votes at an election as against the single man's one. In Madagascar one must be a father or pay for the default. If a man is unmarried or childless at the age of twenty-five he must contribute annually $8.75 to the support of the state, and each woman who has remained single or is childless at twenty-four is taxed $1.80 per year.

A "Friendly Match."

I speak of a "friendly match," not at all forgetting that dictum of the old Scot to whom his opponent, breaking some trivial rule, said, "I suppose you won't claim that in a friendly match?" "Friendly match!" was the reply. "There's no such thing at golf!" —London Telegraph.

Much is done in the name of friendship; so are many.—Exchange.

The Fanciest Ever.

New Boarder—Haven't you got any fancy dishes here? Rural Landlord—Sure thing. Maime, bring the gentleman that mustache cup your grandfather used to use.—Puck.

A mere madness—to live like a wretch and die rich.—Burton.

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THE McCALL COMPANY, 239 to 249 West 37th St., NEW YORK

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Representative J. Hampton Moore, of Pennsylvania, belongs to the rather exclusive order of the "Doers of Things" rather than to the more numerous society, the "Dreamers of Things." In short, Moore,—J. Hampton—is a live, sizzling wire in the halls of Congress, and as a consequence, is rarely lost from the public gaze, albeit in many a phase creditable to him.

The other day Mr. Moore introduced a bill and joint resolution designed to stop the sale of obsolete arms on the part of the government, and calling upon the constituted authorities to set the ball rolling for a world conference looking to an international agreement to put a stop to the sale of antiquated guns, rifles and other firearms.

Explaining his measure, Mr. Moore said: "We are the greatest offenders against the peace and order of the Central and Latin American countries, because we have put it in the power of insurrectos and other disturbing persons to make trouble at any time. We are not the only offenders because the great nations are constantly selling their old arms, as we do, when they find they have contrived something better. On several occasions I have sought to learn why we sell old arms, and the only answer has been that we get some money out of them; that if we did not sell them, we'd neglect to do what other nations did. What does it profit a nation if it obtains a few thousand dollars from the sale of discarded guns, and then has to send battle ships and armies to keep peace along the border. That seems to be our position along the Mexican border to-day. We have been selling our old guns to merchants and junk dealers, and they have been selling them to agents for the insurrectionists, with the result that we are now spending what may approach millions of dollars to keep the peace. We ought to stop the practice of selling old guns, whether other nations do it or not, and then we should try to get the other nations to do the same thing. We could make no greater contribution to the cause of public peace. But, breaking up these old arms, we would also prevent a great many murders, suicides and other acts of domestic violence."

Representative Stephen M. Sparkman of Florida, chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee, who is committed to the policy of annual waterway bills, as advocated by the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, has announced that there will be no river and harbor bill during the present session of Congress. There will be hearings, however, during the session, in order that the new members of the committee may become familiar with the subjects which will engross their attention when they come to prepare the bill next winter; and the committee, or at least a part of it, will visit some of the projects now under way or contemplated, in order that intelligent legislation may result.

Inasmuch as one of the principal arguments made for the Rivers and Harbors Congress, for liberal annual appropriations, prevalence bills, Mr. Sparkman said:

"The campaign of education which this great national organization has been carrying on has been of great benefit in creating a public sentiment looking to the needs of the whole country along the lines of making permanent work, thereby assisting in a solution of the great problem of transportation."

There have been lively performances in men politics of recent months, but woman politics is going to thrust the more masculine into the far background very shortly. It is always so when the Daughters of the American Revolution meet in Washington, as this week they will converge and overflow the several "peacock alleys" of the fashionable hotels. Memorial Hall during the week, will see formal gatherings of the good patriotic women and the new Democratic House of Representatives may learn something fresh and titillating about parliamentary procedure. Some mealy mouthed persons even aver that the women folk of this patriotic guild pay more attention to their conflicting ambitions and their sartorial adornments than they do to the preservation of patriotic memories and traditions, but, the general public must after all reflect that they do keep from oblivion the names and fames of the heroes who fought for and wrought this grand republic. And with all their faults we love them still—the women—still.

Flats With a Purpose.

"I hear they are building flats now that are provided with disappearing furniture." "I suppose that is for the purpose of providing more room." "That is understood to be the reason, but it will come in handy to have such a flat when the tax assessor makes his appearance."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Safety in Numbers.

A multitude of books distracts the mind.—Seneca.

Burton's Melancholy.

Burton, the vivacious author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," who had the reputation of being able to raise laughter in any company, however "mute and moplish," was in reality constitutionally depressed, and it is believed that he was at last so overcome by his malady that he ended his life in a fit of melancholy.

Dickens' Characters.

There are 1,425 characters in the works of Charles Dickens.

Prince Edward Island.

On Prince Edward Island about 25,000 muskrats, 500 minks, 1,000 red foxes and a few weasels are killed each year. The black fox is bred there by people who keep their methods secret.

Pliny on Serpents.

Pliny, the writer of the first century after Christ, says: "Serpents, no odds how poisonous the variety, can hurt but once; either kill they many together. When they have bitten or stung a man they die for very grief and sorrow that they have done such a mischief, as if they had some remorse or conscience afterward."

Brittle Bones.

There is more lime in the bones of the aged than in those of the young, therefore the bones of the old are more brittle.

Largest Chain Bridge.

The largest and oldest chain bridge in the world is said to be at Kingtong, in China, where it forms a perfect road half a mile in length, from the top of one mountain to the top of another.

Drum Messages.

Indians of the upper Amazon have developed "wireless telegraphy" by means of drums made of hollow logs tuned to varying pitches.

Burning Papers.

Burning old papers in a grate is likely to cause the chimney to catch fire. To prevent this accident, make the papers into bundles and put some wire round them. They may then be safely burned, for they will burn slowly in the grate, almost like a log of wood. The same wire may be used again and again.

Salt In Africa.

In some parts of Africa children will eat salt in preference to sugar. On the Gold Coast a handful of salt will purchase two slaves.

India.

India is divided into nine provinces, Bombay, Madras, Bengal, Eastern Bengal, United Provinces, the Punjab, Central Provinces, Northwest Frontier Province and Burmah.

Our Indians.

There are about 300,000 Indians in the United States, according to the latest reckoning, most of them in the west and northwest.

Nova Scotia and Lobsters.

There are in Nova Scotia, in round numbers, 240 lobster canneries, and they employ during the season over 2,000 people in the factories. The value of the lobster plants is given at $230,000. There are more than 650,000 traps, valued at $150,000, and the average year's output is valued at $1,150,000.

Photographing Fish.

Living fish that are too lively for the average camera may be photographed by rendering them sluggish with chloroform, after which they may be revived unharmed.

Moss on the Shingles

Moss may be removed from a shingle roof by scattering unslaked lime above it so that rain will dissolve the lime and carry it down into the moss.

Charles Lamb.

Charles Lamb always dressed in black. "I take it," he says, "to be the costume of an author." When this was once objected to at a wedding he pleaded the raven's apology in the fable that "he had no other." His clothes were entirely black, and he wore long black gaiters up to the knees.

The Tallest Trees.

In the state of Victoria, commonwealth of Australia, specimens of Eucalyptus amygdalina 400 feet tall are frequent, and a tree 471 feet tall has been measured.

The Grain We Grow.

It would require a bin a mile square and 170 feet deep to hold the grain produced in the United States in an average year.

Ammonia.

Ammonia should not be used in the evening or near a fire, nor should the bottle be allowed to remain uncorked. It is inflammable and its fumes are not specially healthful.

An Early Medical Fake.

One of the earliest medical fakes was issued nearly 300 years ago. It was a secret remedy for falling hair. When the price was paid the victim found that he or she was advised to use the fat of a rat as hair restorer. It is said that the Chinese really used the remedy.

Lighthouses.

Of the 15,224 lighthouses in the world, those on inland bodies of water being omitted in the count, 12,171 are on the Atlantic and 2,288 on the Pacific.

A Matron's Confession

She Tells How She Gave Up Her Doll For a Lover

By EVELYN D. WILCOX

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Father has never done a day's work in his life. I have often heard him say that to go to a store or an office every day and attend to details such as buying and selling and shipping and financiering and such matters that have no importance except for the time being, dying as fast as they are born, like certain insects, would soon wear him out. But to sit in a library and read immortal works such as the Greek poets and the Latin prose writers—father reads them in the original Greek and Latin—that is a way of spending one's time fitted not for commercial slaves, but intellectual gentlemen.

When I was a child we lived—my parents live there yet—in the country not far from a great city. Father had inherited some property from his ancestors that had been handed down through several generations, and our income, though small, was sufficient for our wants. So father was at liberty to spend his time in a way that he considered profitable. I sometimes overheard people sneering at him for living the life of a drone, as they expressed it, but since I have grown old it seems to me that even the real drones in a colony of bees must have their place in nature's workshop or they would not be there.

Another singular thing about Dame Nature is that, while she requires years to transform a boy into a man, she will turn a girl into a woman in a twinkling. At any rate it was so with me. When I was thirteen I was sitting one morning on the porch at home, my doll being in a chair beside me. Seeing a young fellow—he appeared to be about seventeen—come into the grounds, I seized the combination of china, cotton and sawdust and flung it in an open window behind me. There were some books on a table near by, and, taking up one of them, pulling down the short skirt of my dress at the same time so that it would cover my knees, I pretended to read.

The young fellow came along by the winding walk under the great trees—they had recently put forth that season's leaves—and approached the porch. Though my gaze was bent on my book, I saw not the printed words, but the advancing youth. I have a miniature portrait made of him at that time, and many who have seen it have taken it for an ideal creation. He was tall for his years, and his beautifully shaped head was set on us beautiful a neck, his collar being of the open sort, which showed the throat to advantage. His face was a perfect oval, his eyes large and lustrous, his hair falling about his temples in disordered waves.

I have spoken from experience in saying that Dame Nature will turn a girl into a woman in a twinkling. My own transformation did not occupy more than a minute. Within that period I caught sight of the youth, flung away my doll and was in love.

The newcomer paid no more attention to me than if I had been made, like my doll, of sawdust. I was stung to the quick that he did not look at me. He rang the bell, asked for father and was shown into the house. I went upstairs and, stationing myself beside a window overlooking the walk by which he must pass out of the place, waited for him to do so. When he departed I was watching him from behind curtains. He walked with a satisfied step, as though he had come for a purpose and had accomplished it.

I wished to go right down to the library and learn all about the visitor from father, but I feared to show an undue interest in him. I tried hard to wait a long while, but five minutes was all my impatience would allow. Going into the library, I pretended to hunt for a book, at the same time asking as if incidentally:

"Who was your visitor, papa?"

"Julian Trowbridge."

"What did he come for?"

"To ask me to coach him for his college examination. He has applied for admission in June."

"Are you going to coach him?"

"Yes. I couldn't very well refuse. He's the son of my old friend Trowbridge, who was in college with me. Trowbridge has devoted himself to ignoble pursuits and got rich. I pulled him through his graduating examinations."

"Oh, my goodness gracious!" I said to myself, putting my hand to my heart to still its wild beating. Then I asked, "Is he coming here for instruction?"

"Yes, every morning at 11."

And so I should see this young god whom I had suddenly set up in my heart every day till June. If father had known the tumult within me he doubtless would have ordered me to the nursery every morning before his pupil's coming. Father had published a translation of Ovid's "Art of Love" with copious notes, but he did not know enough about love itself to suspect that his own daughter had already been pierced by one of Cupid's arrows. The natural he studied in his library from the ancients; the artificial came to him the moment he left it. His daughter must go to college, and that meant absence of love for seven or eight years to come. That he had right under his own nose but a repetition of what had occurred ever since human beings were born into the world was furthest from his thoughts.

In nature the first step in mating is to build a nest. In my case there was a lot of preliminary work to do. My first great object to accomplish was to induce my mother to procure some dresses that would reach at least to my ankles. After much trouble I persuaded her to engage a dressmaker to come to the house and make me some summer costumes. By day mother would give her instructions as to the length of my skirts and by night I would surreptitiously lower them while they were merely basted. When they were finished mother would scold the poor woman for not obeying her orders.

"How is your pupil getting on, papa?" I asked one day.

"Not at all. He's stupid as an owl. He can't even conjugate the present tense of the verb 'to love.'"

"Do you think he'll pass his entrance college examinations?"

"Not this year."

Father was not looking at me, so I was at liberty to raise my eyes to heaven with a mute thanks and resolved that if the coaching should continue for another year in case the instructor could not teach the pupil how to conjugate the verb "to love" I would do so myself.

For a year Julian Trowbridge came and went for his lessons, taking no notice of me whatever. The next spring I asked father if he thought his pupil would be able to enter college that year.

"Possibly," he replied, "by hard boning, but he has no taste for the classics. I don't see why his father wishes to send him to a university."

"Has he learned to conjugate the verb 'to love?'" I asked.

Father gave me a quick glance. I had changed a good deal within the year and might now have passed for a young lady. But he saw no consciousness of a double meaning in my demeanor and replied:

"Oh, he's got beyond that, of course, but he couldn't get pass an examination on Caesar's Commentaries."

"He must be very backward," I remarked carelessly, and as I left the room father called to me, "You're far ahead of him."

This gave me an idea. I had met the "blockhead" many times, and he was beginning to treat me with more consideration. One day I said to him: "I think father is too impatient with you. If you'll let me read Latin with you I'm sure we'll be a help to each other."

He accepted my offer, and I told father that he might spend the time he was devoting to Julian in his library, turning his pupil over to me. Father was very glad to get rid of him, and the very next day Julian and I were seated on a rustic bench under a tree with a copy of Virgil between us.

I have boys of my own now, and I surely would not consent to have one of them fall under such an influence as Julian Trowbridge experienced at that time. I had no more intention of teaching him the dead languages than I had of teaching him to fly in the air. Fortunately for him, however, I had inherited my father's ability to learn and to teach them. My object was to teach him to conjugate the verb "to love"—"I love, thou lovest, he or she loves, we love, you love, they love." In short, in my code of instruction every one loved, and that's all they did. But since Julian's mind was bent especially upon getting into college and he found in me a more seductive teacher than my father the lesson resulted more to his erudition than might have been supposed. I didn't care how much Latin he learned provided he didn't fail to master the verb "to love." Girls between, say, twelve and sixteen are usually far more capable of learning than boys. This gave me an advantage. I taught Julian Latin and at the same time deftly wove in that other instruction which was far nearer my heart. I prepared him to enter college and to be my future husband at the same time. In learning the first he was not as stupid as my father considered him; as to the other I confess I had a very hard time with him. He would conjugate the verb "to love," saying "I love" with no feeling whatever. One day while he was doing so in this perfunctory way I sat very near him—so near, indeed, that a few loose strands of my hair brushed against his cheek. Suddenly there came a fervor into his voice that I had vainly expected for weeks. Then I felt an arm stealing around my waist, and I knew that my pupil was prepared both for college and to be my lover.

He passed his entrance examination without a condition and gave me all the credit for enabling him to do so.

"But you do father an injustice," I remonstrated. "You must admit"—

"What! That old bookworm? He may know a lot, but he has no ability whatever to impart knowledge to any one else. Why, do you know, he spent months trying to teach me to conjugate the verb 'to love' without my being able to catch even the mood. As for 'I am loved,' I didn't know anything about it."

I laughed and remarked that I was the only one of the three who at that time knew all about that mood.

I have said that, having boys of my own, I would not like to have them fall under the same influence that their father fell under at eighteen. This needs to be qualified. It depends on the girl. If any of my sons should at that age fall in love with a girl who would have in her the traits to hold his affection when he has grown older and to make him a valuable life helpmeet I should be very glad to have him do so. I believe that early mating is not only natural, but beneficial, provided the persons mating are fitted for a life partnership.

A Suggestive Title.

He—I wonder what the meaning of that picture is. The youth and maiden are in a tender attitude.

She—Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him, and she is accepting him. How sweet! What does the artist call the picture?

He (looking about)—Oh, I see! It's written on a card at the bottom—"Bold."—Lippincott's.

A Not Unusual Case.

I loaned a friend some months ago
A tenner, nothing loath,
And now whene'er I think of it
I'm sorry for us both.

His borrowing has caused a loss
To him as well as me,
For I have lost the money loaned,
And he his memory.
—Boston Transcript.

In These Days.

"Pa, what's in that little thing the artists always put on Cupid's back? Is that where he carries his arrows?"

"It used to be supposed that he had arrows there, but in these days he usually carries a divorce decree in his quiver."—Chicago Record-Herald.

It Sometimes Happens.

A wit once wrote a parody
Upon a famous rime.
The parody was parodied
With humor time on time,

Until the meaning of the rime
Was lost beyond recall.
Its solemn words were thought to be
The best burlesque of all.
—Puck.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

Petitions and Applications for license for hotels, eating houses, wholesale and retail liquor dealers, with or without other goods, and bottlers and brewers, at the June Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania, to be held at Smethport, Pa., on Monday, May 8, A. D. 1911.

HOTEL LICENSES.

Bradford City.

First Ward.

T. F. Connecly, Connecly Hotel, No. 18 Mechanic Street, residence same.

A. W. Eyerbroit, United States Hotel, Nos. 19 and 21 Mechanic Street, residence same.

Ella Fox and W. A. Hopley, St. James Hotel, Nos. 2, 4, 6, and 8 South Avenue, residence same.

S. E. Causey, Capitol Hotel, Nos. 46 and 48 Main Street, residence same.

Frank P. Holley, Hotel Holley, at Northwest corner of Main and Davis Streets, residence same.

E. E. Hurley, Bay State Hotel, Nos. 84 and 86 Main Street, residence same.

P. H. Lavelle, Union House, Nos. 142 to 150 Main Street, residence same.

R. F. McBride, Option House, No. 41 Main Street, residence same.

M. P. McCarthy, Willard Hotel, Nos. 134 and 136 Main Street, residence same.

W. J. McDonell, Industry Hotel, Nos. 15, 17, 19 Davis Street residence same.

P. Mahoney, Mansion House, Nos. 5 and 7 Mechanic Street, residence same.

Z. J. Peterson, New Edgett Hotel, Nos. 81 and 83 Main Street, residence same.

Charles O. Rosh, Hotel Weaver, Nos. 87 and 89 Main Street, residence of No. 103 Davis Street.

A. C. Stenzel, Corry House, Nos. 18 and 20 Webster Street, residence same.

John McCaffrey, Oil City House, Nos. 122, 124 Main Street, residence same.

Fred Heilbringer, Black Bear Hotel, Nos. 14 and 16 Pine Street, residence same.

Third Ward.

Jacob Brodell, Aiken House, Nos. 15 and 17 West Washington Street, residence same.

J. T. O'Donnell, City Hotel, No. 15 Mechanic Street, residence No. 158 Pleasant Street.

Fifth Ward.

T. A. Hathaway, Rochester Hotel, Nos. 241 to 245 Main Street residence same.

Sixth Ward.

Frank O. Kleb, Tuna Valley House, No. 123 East Main Street, residence same.

John Becker, American House, No. 141 East Main Street, residence same.

Eldred Borough.

C. C. Lewis, St. Elmo Hotel, S. W. corner Main and Depot Streets, residence Eldred Borough.

Fred Stickney, Central Hotel, No. 70 Main Street, residence Eldred Borough.

Thomas J. Slattin, Gold Eagle Hotel, northeast corner of Railroad and Depot Streets, residence Eldred Borough.

Foster Township.

E. S. Harvey, Bow City Hotel, corner of Bradford and Smethport road and Plank Road Highway, residence Bow City.

Hamlin Township.

Fred John Block and John Carl Block, Edgcomb House, south side of Main Street, Hazelhurst, Pa., residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Ellerson Libby, Hotel Hazelhurst, north side of Main Street, Hazelhurst, Pa., residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough.

First Ward.

Stephen Barrett, Jr., Windsor Hotel, Nos. 17, 19 and 21 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Dawson P. Crowe, Kane House, Nos. 153, 155 and 157 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Joseph Bastian, New Arlington Hotel, No. 75 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

P. W. Durkin, Berkley Hotel, No. 123 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

N. A. Nelson, Hotel LaMont, Nos. 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Morris B. Pierce, New Fleming Hotel, Nos. 93 to 97 on the west side of Fraley street, residence same.

W. W. Swalley and Martin B. Great, Grillis Hotel, Nos. 75 and 77 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Second Ward.

Lawrence C. Bissell, New Centennial Hotel, Nos. 60, 62 and 64 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

F. C. Hogenmiller, Alpha, No. 22 Field Street, residence Kane Borough.

Third Ward.

John Fleming, New Thompson House, Nos. 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Fourth Ward.

C. F. Hearst, St. Elmo Hotel, Nos. 102, 104, 106 and 108 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Lafayette Township.

William Doyle, The Mountain House, Marshburg, N. side of public highway leading from Marshburg to Bradford, residence Marshburg, Pa.

James Mahoney, Butts House, Mount Alton, cor. of road leading from Mount Alton to Butterville and road to Ritterville, residence Mount Alton, Pa.

Lewis Run Borough.

John Frohnapple, The Bradford House, Lewis Run, residence Lewis Run Pa.

Mount Jewett Borough.

Francis L. Campbell, Campbell House, on south side of Main Street, being Lot No. 30 east on Main Street, residence Mount Jewett Borough.

E. C. Cleveland, Brewer House, south side of Main Street, residence Mount Jewett Borough.

E. W. Long, The Commercial Hotel, south side of Main Street, residence Mount Jewett Borough.

B. D. Thompson, Linden House, south side of Main Street, residence Mount Jewett Borough.

Otto Township.

Frank A. Butts, The Duke House, Duke Center, corner Main and Bradford Streets, residence Duke Center, Pa.

Port Allegany Borough.

Joseph M. Butler, The Butler House, S. E. cor. Main and Mill Streets, residence Port Allegany Borough.

Chester S. King, Sartwell House, N. side of Mill Street, residence Port Allegany Borough.

P. J. Rogers, Connolly House, Nos. 5 and 7 Pearl Street, residence Port Allegany Borough.

Samuel St. Clair, New St. Clair House, W. side of Pearl Street, near Railroad Depot, residence Port Allegany Borough.

Mary Ellen Connolly, City Hotel, W. side of Pearl Street, residence Port Allegany Borough.

Sergeant Township.

John L. Smith, Bayer House, Clermont, residence Clermont, Pa.

Frederick J. Glides, Clermont House, Clermont, cor. of Pine Street and Main Highway, residence Clermont, Pa.

Smethport Borough.

John O. Dodge and Frank L. Sherburne, Wright House, corner of Main and Mechanic Streets, residence Smethport Borough.

M. S. Geary, Hotel Imperial, corner of Main and Fulton Streets, No. 101 Main Street, residence Smethport Borough.

James McGuire, Grand Central Hotel, South side of West Main Street, residence Smethport Borough.

Fred L. McCrary, Cottage House, corner of Water and Fulton Streets, residence Smethport Borough.

Thomas H. Purtle, Commercial House, corner of Main and Franklin Streets, residence Smethport Borough.

EATING HOUSE OR RESTAURANT LICENSES.

Kane Borough.

Second Ward.

F. C. Hogenmiller, Alpha, No. 22 Field Street, residence Kane Borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

Mary Ellen Connolly, City Restaurant, west side of Pearl Street, residence Port Allegany Borough.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL LICENSES WITH OR WITHOUT OTHER GOODS.

Bradford City.

First Ward.

Charles H. Brown, No. 123 Main Street, residence No. 103 Congress Street.

A. M. Mayer and M. Rotland, doing business as A. Mayer & Company, No. 130 Main Street, residence Bradford City.

Lewis Brown & Emanuel Braunschweiger, No. 3 Mechanic Street, residence Bradford City.

Saul Werthman, No. 98 Main Street, residence No. 103 Congress Street.

Kane Borough.

First Ward.

John Dolan, No. 81 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Second Ward.

George W. Berry, No. 128 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

John E. Healy, No. 72 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Mt. Jewett Borough.

Charles Landen, North side of Main Street, residence Mount Jewett Borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

John L. Bayer, west side of Pearl Street, residence Port Allegany Borough.

Smethport Borough.

Fred H. Humphville, south side of Main Street in Square No. 82, residence Smethport Borough.

LICENSE TO BOTTLE AND VEND MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS.

Bradford City.

Fourth Ward.

James W. Beleaux and Cornelius King, Independent Bottling Works, No. 50 Mechanic Street, residence Bradford City.

Eldred Borough.

E. R. Tanner, north side of Elm Street, residence Eldred Borough.

Hamlin Township.

W. L. Smalley, Hazelhurst, east side of Rawlik Street, Lot No. 10, residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough.

Second Ward.

J. M. McCarty, No. 20 Field Street, residence Kane Borough.

LICENSE TO BREW, MANUFACTURE, VEND AND SELL MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS AT WHOLESALE.

Bradford City.

Fourth Ward.

The Bradford Brewing Company, Wm. Hanley, President; Delevan Emery, Secretary, Nos. 16 to 26 Fourth Street, its present address is Bradford, Pa.

All licenses must be lifted the day preceding the commencement of the term of said license or the same will be void.

FRANK R. FOSTER, Clerk.

Smethport, Pa., April 17, 1911.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

BATTERIES

I handle one of the best batteries made and at a reasonable price. If you use any electricity in your business let me supply it.

E. W. STRONG